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Articles

The Art and Life of Maurycy Gottlieb ★ The Jewish Historian and Source Material ★ H. L. Mencken As Is ★ Tales From a Galilee Town ★ The Dead Sea Scrolls ★ The Jew of Verona ★ The Zeitlin Controversy ★ American Education and Democracy ★ American Labor and Politics ★ A Day of Learning.

ART

POETRY

BOOK REVIEWS

Contributors

LeRoy B. Allen ★ Paul G. Annes ★ William Bittner ★ Werner J. Cahnman ★ Olive Carruthers. Werner Cohn ★ Abraham G. Duker ★ Elmer Gertz ★ Eunice Grabo ★ Donna Dickey Guyer ★ Martin Hall ★ Bernard A. Herbert ★ David Ignatow ★ Marc Karson ★ Louis Katsoff ★ Nora B. Kubie ★ Dov Lang ★ Anita Libman Lebeson ★ Ashley Montagu ★ Norton Mezvinsky ★ Ruth Nickerson ★ Harold U. Ribalow ★ Moses Rischin ★ Sanford Schwartz ★ Selwyn S. Schwartz ★ Y. S. Seelenfreund ★ Moses A. Shulvass ★ Leon Stein ★ Surindar Suri ★ Ruth Vodicka ★ Jacob J. Weinstein ★ Alfred Werner. Alex S. White.

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THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM



**The Negro and Government's
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American Education and Democracy

By LeROY B. ALLEN

PERHAPS no other single factor in the American educational system is more disturbing than the implications of the wall of separation which exists between the nation's educators and the average citizen. This characteristic feature renders progression and retrogression exceedingly difficult to identify. On the one hand, American education is a superior, impressive institution with immeasurable influences extending to all corners of the world. On the other, although our educational system is a repository for all the technological achievements and cultural progress of the age, its great depth of meaning and benefit reaches only a segment of the American people.

This intellectual isolation is not simply a matter of detachment and antipathy toward groups in American society. The importance of the problem is more far reaching than that. In relative terms, the efforts made to bring higher education closer to the pattern of living of the average citizens are few. The endeavors to integrate intellectual disciplines with the habits and practices of the average citizen, to relate clearly history and philosophy to everyman's behavior, and to improve further the aesthetic taste of the common man through literature and the fine arts are too scattered and ephemeral. Indeed, the failure of education to promote the maximum humanistic activity of everyman is responsible for one of the most costly weaknesses of American democracy.

For the largest extent of participation in the movement for world survival, present-day America needs a well-informed, alert citizenry. Democratic America requires an electorate capable of discriminating action as it delves into problems of public interest and international concern. Democratic Amer-

ica demands the capacity on the part of the common man to read with intelligence, listen with understanding, and to participate in local and national situations with measured respect for human needs and values. Without these qualifications, the average man is not properly educated.

From newspapers, magazines, radio, television, and other media of communication comes an array of aspects to the cultural and intellectual development of the average man. This prototype is one whose limited vocabulary of about 7500 words does not include the understanding of dilapidated and philanthropy or the difference in meaning between poverty and misery. Moreover when he graduates from grammar school, his formal training, for the most part, is complete. He thrives on queer beliefs about people and places. To continue, his interest centers on others whose experiences with jobs, finance, and families are not too different from his own. He loves his country, but he may not remember to vote.

The average American is better off economically than the average Swede, Frenchman, or Britisher, but he reads fewer books than either. Generally his reading matter is inferior in quality. Being busy is taken for granted as he spends most of his waking hours driving a car or driving himself. There is, finally, little time or interest for active sports or creative pursuits.

Such a picture of the so-called average is anything but encouraging. It bodes ill the effects of both the quality and quantity of public education that is offered in our land today. The grave danger of accepting the average as a common denominator tends to stagnate free functioning of the human mind, and it garners a tremendous problem

for the broad field of the humanities. The editors of *The Saturday Review* have conducted a survey which resulted in a series of commanding articles on the literary tastes of the average man. Many of these articles were later published by the University of Oklahoma Press,¹ thereby offering to a wider public the varied and illuminating insights into this problem.

It is the three-fold thesis of this paper that (a) in spite of the trend toward more and more schooling, the proper education of the average American has been grossly neglected; (b) especial study of literature, language, and the social studies aimed at the maximum humanistic activity of every man would be a direct, appropriate, and feasible attempt to solve a major educational problem in America; and (c) a particular responsibility of the humanities is to promote a more demonstrable and far-reaching public awareness of America's heritage and contemporary culture and to reveal vast intellectual and artistic opportunities to every citizen.

In the United States, the basic idealism as regards education is democratic, one which aims at universal education of its citizenry. There is striking evidence that, following periods of critical investigations and successive improvements, we have in America the largest and most expensive school system in the world. In truth, a study of the educational trends during the last fifty years points out unprecedented growth in curriculum, methods, disciplines, and instructional matter. School enrollments have steadily increased, and the number of college graduates has continued to multiply. Yet, is all well on the educational front? Are educators serving quantity rather than quality? Is there any evidence that, amid these tremendous developments, the common man is being educationally garroted and harassed?

Situations on the educational scene in which public awareness or participation is

negligent or non-existent are many. Conditions such as the relatively low educational expenditures, the severe shortage of new teachers, the large number of emergency teachers' certificates, and the number of over-crowded school rooms are depressing indices that ought to arouse more definitely the concern of the common man. Again, the high rate of functional illiteracy and consequent rejection for military service of more than a million physically strong men should evoke public resentment. A recent census, to go even further, showing more than ten million illiterates in the United States, coupled with the finding by the National Education Association that nearly twenty million of our voting population have less than sixth grade education, give additional support to the conviction that the public is not cognizant of the educational ills of America.

Statistical data on public education in the United States, while serving as important figures for statisticians and educators, indicate that our country has failed to reach a desirable educational level. Is not this general public inertia evidence that the public has not been fully informed concerning current needs, goals, and necessary changes in education for democracy? Would the public knowingly perpetuate this shameful treatment of itself and of its schools? Finally, has the public really been educated?

This general public inertia goes on. When the literary taste of America is considered, one must ascribe to the people a state of lamentable lethargy. Various studies, notably the Gray and Monroe reports,² make it apparent that only a small fraction of the adult population reads by any aesthetic or intellectual standard. Moreover, it is difficult to justify the condition that the public has only limited access to important literary contributions on varying educational levels. Even more alarming is the ever-increasing disproportion between intellectual writing and inferior publications which presumably

1. J. W. Krutch et al., (editors) *Is the Common Man Too Common?* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1954.)

2. W. S. Gray and Ruth Monroe, *The Reading Interests and Habits of Adults*. (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1929.)

satisfy unrefined human appetites. The importance of reading, in sum, commands no deep respect and understanding from the public, and, therefore, the public cannot be assumed to have a discretionary attitude toward contemporary writing.

The passive acceptance given indiscriminate and unrewarding use of a communication-media also supports the opinion that the American public is being educationally exploited. One may rather safely state that communication-media have merely cultivated the already plebeian interests of the public. In spite of America's social composition, the average citizen has accepted the caricatures of men of his own country as well as those of foreign nations. Far too many motion pictures exalt false values and glorify twisted portraits of human life. Foreign novels and plays have been produced on a relatively small scale. Radio, one of the nation's most outstanding enterprises and a singularly effective organ, uses more than fifty per cent of its time to present fantastic and whimpering trivia. American journalism and news syndicates, having witnessed a tremendous development in recent years, have nearly created a monopoly of ideas and attitudes without much resistance from an intellectually depraved people. Certainly the need for critical judgment and a sense of direction on the part of the man-on-the-street in understanding the vast influence of communication-media is more imperative than ever before.

The average citizen needs to be made more conscious of language as a part of his social heritage. Louis Foley, in his article *The Modern Crime of Linguicide*, effectively writes of murder of language in this country by dubious and sophisticated means.³ Other authors have likewise expressed their concern in this matter. The crime of "extensive extortion and increasing laxity" with words, in addition to being intellectually dishonest, has adversely influenced the man-on-the-street, the unfortunate and unsuspecting victim. Simple, honest, direct

language is not in vogue, and empty wordiness has produced a confused and indifferent people, as the average man is strangled by the notion that language is to be taken for granted.

It is altogether possible that America greatly fears Communist and Fascist propaganda mainly because we have not taught ourselves to exercise critical judgment in respect to these ideologies. The average American has not been educated to the point of discussing different views discriminatingly and dispassionately. Surely the political and social welfare of our country requires in its people a consciousness of language for the reason that respect for and understanding of language are vastly important to the maintenance of vital democracy.

The aim of education in America is "to make man more man in the eulogistic sense of the word." The process of living and planning a good, active, rewarding life should involve an integration which is not, at present, evident in the daily-living pattern of the average citizen. A good, rewarding life would include the exploration of values and needs as human beings, the choice of a living-pattern resulting from this exploration, and, finally, the integration of the process with the plan. Inasmuch as the average citizen has not found harmony between his actual living and a pattern of living that is consistent with an effective democracy, the missing ingredient in American education seems to be the lack of sufficient emphasis upon literary studies and artistic pursuits specifically designed to achieve greater understanding and fuller humanistic activity for the average man.

When Matthew Arnold replied at Cambridge in 1882 to Huxley's theory that science should hold the most prominent place in general education, he delivered one of the most effective justifications ever given for the study of literature. The four powers which Arnold deemed necessary for the building of human life included "the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of conduct, the power of beauty, and the power of social life and manners." Arnold main-

3. Cf. *School and Society*, LXXIII (May, 1951), 273-277.

tained that man required all of these powers, and only literature was concerned with all four. It is important to assert, in the argument of this thesis, that Arnold established the fact that the study of literature goes beyond all boundaries of class and allows the existence of true equality of men.

James Bryant Conant, speaking for belles-lettres, made the following statement in his address of welcome delivered before the Modern Language Association in 1940:

... It seems to me unlikely that a future citizen of a free country can be developed by education, in these days of an overpowering urban type of civilization, without the devout study of great literature. Such study is probably essential because for many people a sense of values must be felt, not proved by argumentation ...

Robert Hutchins, too, in placing the study of literature uppermost in our society, has consistently argued that literary studies bring about harmonious relationships in the many parts of the individual's existence and develop in him, therefore, a sense of the responsibility of capable citizenship in a democratic society.

There have been many debates on the total effect of literary studies. Many able educators have pointed out how effective literature has been in terms of the history of ideas and of intellectual movements. Other scholars have shown how meaningful are humane letters when studied as social products of peoples. Still another group has shown the lasting values to be found in the world's great masterpieces. To repeat, the major contribution of these discussions is the conclusion that literature is the most outstanding interpretation available of man, his values, and his ideas.

Illustrations to show various purposes and values of literary studies are numerous. Battles in behalf of all mankind have been waged by such men as the Baron de Montesquieu who, for more than fifty years, was a recognized authority upon what constitutes social and political organization, Thomas Hobbes, regarded by some to be the greatest English speculative philosopher of his age, or Immanuel Kant whose significance

in modern thought has been reiterated time and time again.

Scholars have contended that the value of choice is well learned in the devout study of the Shakespearean crises or the momentous decisions of Browning's figures. There is meaning in the consideration of Dante's *Divine Comedy* as he escorts us on an odyssey of the human soul. One varies his learning experience by taking gay delight in the visions of *Don Quixote* or by making practical application of Sancho Panza's observations. Devout study of literature of the past and the present produces people who have gained an enrichment of human values and improvement of the human mind.

Today, Norman Cousins, distinguished editor of *The Saturday Review*, projects the theory that the crisis of these times stems from a lack of moral leadership in the world. This moral struggle, of which others have written, seems to be one that seeks to put knowledge of human relations on a par with scientific achievement. The significance which man places on human needs, attitudes, and concepts is being ushered to the front in the greatest moral test of the times as mankind faces international recriminations and intercultural hostilities.

Recently, again, nations all over the world have responded in noteworthy fashion to the appeal for moral leadership which was made recently to the American Society of Newspaper Editors by the President of the United States.

These are cases in point for a program for the study of man vastly different from any program now in evidence. The awakening in men and women their own intrinsic value as well as their rights and privileges as human beings will contribute immeasurably to the establishment of an alert citizenry and ultimately to a free and just world. If this be America's greatest need, what positive steps may be taken to satisfy it?

The beginning, I think, should be the initiation of a broad, dynamic people's literary and artistic program specifically designed for the cultivation of higher intellectual tastes on a wider base and for the develop-

ment of the maximum participation in humanistic activities of every man. The need is urgent enough to justify fully the study of contemporary contributions of literature and language from all parts of the world. Such a program must be broad enough to consider scholastic discipline as only one end, and must serve the people of different educational backgrounds, abilities, and interests in the main. The public literary program should be concerned with the inescapable, inevitable issues of every generation and of every people, such as the problems of evil, of justice, the nature of happiness, and evolution of the family. The focus should be on data and experiences where literary readings would be tools for understanding and appreciating contemporary times. In sum, good literature should be made basic in the lives of the largest possible number of people, not a particular segment of the population. Literature can and ought to mean for the common man as well as for the scholar a study of human relationships.

The direct approach of making great literature available to all the people is entirely feasible. The technological advances of the age leave no doubt as to this possibility, notwithstanding arguments to the contrary. Modern media of communication ought to and can be profitably used as purveyors of education and culture for bringing untold intellectual prosperity to the nation.

From a scholarly point of view, this people's project is still within the realm of the possible. The notable success of renditions of Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, Corneille's *Le Cid*, Gutierrez' *El Trovador* and various other classical adaptations illustrate the effective appeal and satisfaction that can be made to large groups of people with many degrees of learning and maturity. The presentation of excellent movies as *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, *David Copperfield*, or *Watch on the Rhine* is significant testimony to the value to be gained by many persons whose reading experiences are limited.

Humanistic studies can be made more vital in the affairs of every man by multiply-

ing many times our present cultural efforts and by extending these endeavors over long periods of time. The world beyond the confines of the college or university will be at its best when it is taught to respect and to believe in creative progress, to be cognizant of varied cultural opportunities, and to mobilize its energies toward greater cultural achievements. Happily, a democracy is able to provide these conditions for more creative progress for the whole people because it seeks, among other goals, to keep man intellectually free.

It is the public debt of the humanities to stimulate consistently and regularly to promote public cognizance of the nation's intellectual and artistic conduct. It is for the humanities, by their own reasons for being, to favor more demonstrably the understanding of the cultural heritage of which every man is guardian. It is the responsibility of the humanities to foster and zealously promote highest literary and artistic development by the common man, currently the Achilles' tendon of the nation. It is the responsibility of the humanities to make known to the masses of the people who influence in many ways the effectiveness of higher education the increasing opportunities and rewards found in intellectual pursuits. It is for the humanities, simply, to help every man understand what Bacon meant when he said, "The more good things we are interested in the more we live."

To accept these responsibilities is both a challenge and an opportunity. A dynamic cultural program for the people will not spring full-grown like Minerva from the head of Jove. Rather, the program to lead the people to Helicon's stream will be the task of gradually rescuing the race of mankind from protean influences and hydra-headed evils. The inspiration is that such a program of culture will teach the average man to be a human being in whom the current of life is vital. This cultural training, after all, is the proper education of every man and is, at the same time, the pure essence of liberal education for democracy.

The Dead Sea Scrolls

By JACOB J. WEINSTEIN

REVELATIONS are generally followed by desert stretches of interpretation and second thought. So, too, with the Dead Sea Scrolls.* The first public announcement of their discovery created a sort of gentle hysteria—a phenomenon hardly to be expected from such scholarly material. The public was ready for such a revelation. The brain-washers and the history-benders were threatening in our 20th century to distort, if not to destroy, the past. The finding of documents reported to be 2,000 years old was a reassurance that continuity would be preserved, that the historic roots of western civilization would not be uprooted.

Mr. Edmund Wilson (in, of all places, *The New Yorker!*) was the first messenger to bring these tidings to the lay world. He made the story of the finding of the manuscripts in the Air Freshka caves, by a nomad shepherd, as fascinating as the story of *Treasure Island*. He took the ball from the scholars and tossed it to the public. The scholars, unconsciously playing to a vast, unexpected audience, did unscholarly things. They gave *ex Cathedra* opinions and used language currently in the market place. Aware that their erudition was showing, they became frenzied and hurled ungentlemanly acerbities at their opponents. The battle still rages and new interpretations pour from the presses almost daily.

Millar Burrows, the highly honored Winkley Professor of Biblical Theology of Yale University, was the first scholar to have translated the Manual of Discipline, the Zadokite or Damascus fragment, the War of the Sons of Light with the Sons of Darkness, the Thanksgiving Psalms. While his translations are being questioned rather savagely by Professor Zeitlin, more gently by Professor Gaster, they have brought thousands of readers the first concrete knowledge of

these great discoveries. It was Professor Burrows who introduced the knowledge of the Isaiah Scrolls to the board of editors of the Revised Authorized Version of the Bible and thereby achieved some important emendations to the previously accepted text, the most important one being the substitution of "young woman" for "virgin" in the translation of the word *Almah* in Isaiah VII, 14.

It will require at least another decade before these variant translations and interpretations will be sifted down and properly orientated. There will probably be no unanimity even then, but the differences will be more clearly defined and defended. Meanwhile, what can be said about the several Dead Sea Scrolls and the hundreds of fragments that have been restored, translated and published as of this day?

The overwhelming majority of scholars who specialize in the language, the history and the literature of the scrolls are agreed that they are ancient; that is, that they fall within the period bounded by 200 years B.C.E. and 100 A.D. The doubt that has been raised concerning their antiquity is largely due to the single, spectacular efforts of Prof. Solomon Zeitlin, whose erudition is matched only by his zeal and who has not hesitated to doubt the capacity of the Gentile specialists on the subtle ground that they simply have not the circumcised ear to catch the nuances of the Hebrew and the Aramaic of the scrolls. I have not yet heard how he discounts the competence of such Jewish scholars as the late Professor Sukenik. He is certainly not impressed with the carbon tests made on the linen in which one of the scrolls was wrapped. He stoutly main-

* *The Dead Sea Scrolls*, Edmund Wilson; Oxford University Press, New York 1955. 121 pp.

The Dead Sea Scrolls, Millar Burrows; Viking, New York 1955. 435 pp.

tains that these are all medieval documents and show Rabbinic and Karaite influences which could not have been present in the time of Jesus. His opponents merely counter with the argument that because a verb form or paleographic type was common in the medieval period does not rule out its use in an earlier period.

This reviewer is voting on the side of the majority and accepts the earlier dating of the manuscripts, but keeps an open mind for whatever newer evidence may come in from the large number of fragments which have not yet been deciphered.

The dating settled, what then is the importance of these scrolls? For the Jews the chief significance is that the Massoretic text is sustained. The Isaiah Scroll found in the Cave is some 900 years older than the oldest extant Petersberg Code. It must have given the Jewish traditionalists a mighty scare to hear that a script almost a thousand years earlier had been found. It might very well have proven that the official Massoretic text which Jews had accepted as the basis of their Torah-directed lives and as the authentic revelation was a highly doctored text reflecting the prejudices and preferences of the *Baaleh Massoreh*. The fact is that the Isaiah Scroll found in the caves contains very few variations from the Massoretic text and these of a rather minor quality.

The first impact of these discoveries is therefore to heighten our respect for the anonymous scholars who undertook the task of guarding the Bible text. They accomplished their objective with incredible skill and devotion. Anyone who has compared one Shakespeare folio with another, or several Chaucer manuscripts, and has recognized the many important changes that can be made by careless copying or wilful intent, over a short period of years, will appreciate what it means to have a script that has kept its integrity for two millenia.

If only the early Medieval Latin scholars had adopted the internal control system of the Massorah (as efficient as a photo-electric eye), the world of scholarship would have greater confidence in our classical liter-

ature. This does not mean that our Bible is all of one piece. It represents many schools of thought and embodies a variety of partisan interests. But these are honest differences of philosophy and not the differences based on the misreading of a text. The Massorah preserved a universe of discourse that contained the arena of Jewish thought for more than a thousand years. Such continuity in the carrying of a cultural tradition is unique and wonderful enough to be called miraculous.

For both the Christian and the Jewish world, the Dead Sea Scrolls will make it necessary to re-evaluate that murky area between the completion of the *Old Testament Canon* and the crystallization of the *New Testament*. Both Jews and Christians have contributed toward widening the gulf between these great codes of ethics. The dominant Pharisaic-Rabbinic tradition of Normative Judaism has been nervously suspicious of all mystical literature. It kept most of this kind of writing out of the Canon. It accepted the Book of Daniel, but often regretted the acceptance when the Caballah fastened on to its apocalypses with furious abandon.

Normative or Rabbinic Judaism simply feared the mystic experience as an uncharted wilderness where rapture could easily go soft and degenerate into heresy. The Rabbis built a strong fence around the Torah to keep out these spiritual vagaries. They recognized in them a threat to moral and intellectual discipline; perhaps also a threat to their leadership. They saw in them, too, much that was akin to the Dionysian mysteries and emotional sloppiness of the Priapic pagan rites. They feared that the law and the disciplined study of the law would give way to the leadership of twice-born men more likely to be false Messiahs than true ones. Therefore they chose to deprive the Bible of a rich source of intense religious experience, such as is found in the apocryphal and pseudo-epigraphical literature. Neither its sting nor its honey would they have.

Christians, too, found it necessary to create a distance between the Old Revelation and the New. They made the claim that the New Faith was *de novo*. It was preceded by the old, but not dependent on it. It was a unique revelation, of a unique Son of God, bringing a New Heaven and a New Earth. Paul and his successors made it a point to contrast what the old scriptures said with what the new revealed. In the acrimonious polemics of the Jews who accepted Jesus and the Jews who did not, there was hardly the mood to discover common ground.

The Orthodox Christian Church to this day accepts the fact that there is this wide dichotomy between the *Old Testament* religion and the New. Orthodox Judaism says to this a fervent "Amen." Now a reading of the *Manual of Discipline* and the *War of the Sons of Light against the Sons of Darkness*, in the Burrows translation, indicates that Basic Christian beliefs and many of the basic Christian practices were similar to those earlier held by Jewish variant sects, such as the sect (generally defined as the Essenes) which lived in the Qumran hide-out and which left us the *Manual of Discipline*.

Here where we step on the very tender toes of religious commitment we are bound to find a fervid diversity of opinion. Professor Allegro, a Christian theologian from England, maintains that the parallels between the Essenes and the early Christians are very close. Professor Theodore Gustea, a Jew, maintains that the parallels are minor; that the fundamental drama of vicarious atonement in the Christian teaching is in no way adumbrated in the practice of the Essenes.* Professor Frank Cross, of North-

western University, one of the few Biblical scholars working on the original fragments, says:

As for the New Testament, the scrolls provide a new, intimate glimpse into the ancient, exotic world in which Christianity had its birth. They teach us its original idiom, explain its theological problems, outline its characteristic institutions and point to the primitive meaning of its festivals and institutions.

There can be no doubt that once the glare of the public spotlight is removed and Christian scholars will feel more relieved of the censorship of the keepers of the dogma, there will be a considerable accession of support to the earlier findings of such scholars as George Foot Moore, Travers Hereford, Shirley Jackson Case, R. H. Charles and the host of Comparative Religionists and anthropologists who have maintained for the past fifty years that Christianity was an evolutionary growth, stemming largely from Judaism and weaving into the Judaic warp the weft of Greek and other Levantine notions. It will confirm the conclusions of cultural historians that Christianity, like Judaism before it, created its own unique religion not so much by discovering new material as by its treatment of the old. Just as Judaism took the Babylonian Tabu Day and made the Sabbath out of it, or the Egyptian sun god and made the Invisible Power for Righteousness, so the architects of Christianity took the vicarious atonement of the Azazel, the suffering servant of the Lord, the Teacher of Righteousness, the Messiah son of David, and made the Christ.

The Dead Sea Scrolls add to the very small amount of information that we have about the Essenes from the writings of Josephus, Philo and the Zadokite fragment. They enable us the better to understand why the Qumran Covenanters (the Yachad) fled from Jewish circles, or perhaps were driven from them. They believed more in-

* Professor Gaster's translation of the Dead Sea Scrolls, Doubleday Anchor Books (1956), should be compared with Professor Burrows. Such comparison will at once reveal the wide area of difference possible even to honest and competent scholars. As to the evaluation of the text, Dr. Gaster first of all expresses his great enthusiasm for the religious intensity and purity of the men of Qumran and wishes for contemporary man a measure of their true religious devotion. He believes that in the documents left by the Covenanters of Qumran are found many of the institutions, officers and practices of the primitive Christian Church. Here are

found the very name of the Church, the designation of Apostles, Presbyters, Episkopoi, and the mission to prepare the way in the desert proclaimed by John the Baptist. He believes, however, that the Teacher of Righteousness was merely a guide or exponent of the law and in no way a Messiah, and that the Scrolls in no way anticipate distinctive Christian doctrines such as Incarnation, Vicarious Atonement or Communion.

tensely in the Coming of the End of Days than did the Pharisees. They believed that this world was not important in itself, but rather as a preparation for the world to come. They believed more in the community of believers than in the bonds of family. They believed in community of property rather than in the strictures of Zedakah.

But where they departed most sharply from the Pharisaic teaching was in their theory of knowledge. To them knowledge was a mystical communion, a divine thrusting on, an oceanic illumination, a grace of God. To the Pharisees, knowledge was a disciplined, a painful acquisition of experience and the written word, subject always to the probing and testing of superior authority based on larger knowledge. The Essenes flirted with Gnostic and Iranian and Persian doctrines and in their theory of evil came close to erecting a dualism which, like the later trinity, could not be reconciled to God's unity—the one uncompromising dogma of Judaism.

The Dead Sea Scrolls enable us the better to understand why Judaism rejected the mystic moods, the apocalyptic visions and the easy salvation through faith which became characteristics of Christianity. We can better understand also why the inheritors of the Pharisees fought so bitterly against Cabbalism and Chasidism and succeeded in shunting these influences from the mainstream of Judaism. The post-war disillusion and the cold war tremors have aroused a new mystical yearning. Neo-existentialism, the great popularity of Buber and Heschel, are indications that the rationalistic bent of Normative Judaism is not meeting the needs of those who yearn for a cataclysmic inpouring of the Divine.

It is most revealing that the Dead Sea Scrolls were part of a library of a monastic, an escapist sect. A reading of the *Manual of Discipline* and the *War of the Sons of Light with the Sons of Darkness* convinces me that the Pharisees were right.

They were then, and their disciples are now, still the best teachers of righteousness.



Learning

RUTH NICKERSON

It is told that God said to Israel, "If you accept my Torah and observe my Laws, I will give you for all eternity the most precious thing that I have in my possession."

"And what," asked Israel, "is that precious thing Thou wilt give us if we obey Thy Torah?"

God: "The future world."

Israel: "But even in this world should we have a foretaste of that other?"

God: "The Sabbath will give you this foretaste."

—From *LIFE IS WITH PEOPLE*
by Mark Zborowski and
Elizabeth Herzog

The Zeitlin Controversy*

By NORTON MEZVINSKY

IN THE SPRING of 1947 a young Bedouin made what has been termed "the greatest manuscript discovery of all time." Following a stray goat along the western shore of the Dead Sea, the boy stumbled into the now famous Air Feshka cave. There he discovered several old Hebrew scrolls and scroll fragments. These and other later finds have become known as the Dead Sea Scrolls and are presently stirring great interest throughout the world. This interest is mainly due to the fact that most Biblical scholars date the scrolls somewhere between 200 B.C. and 70 A.D., hundreds of years prior to the hitherto oldest, complete Hebrew Bible text. Since the scrolls contain all books of the Old Testament and apocryphal literature of various sorts, their importance is obvious, once the pre- or early Christian dating is accepted.

Leading the minority opposition to both the dating and importance of the scrolls is Solomon Zeitlin, well known professor of rabbinical literature at Dropsie College. Professor Zeitlin maintains that the scrolls date from the Middle Ages and are of little or no value. His views appear for the most part in *The Jewish Quarterly Review*, a scholarly journal, which he co-edits. Because it is so devastating if true, the Zeitlin theory is worthy of attention.

We must note from the outset that the unanimity of feeling among most Biblical archaeologists as to the early dating came in 1949. In that year two archaeologists G. L. Harding and Pere de Vaux inspected caves in the Air Feshka region and found jars, jar

sherds, and pieces of linen. These men scientifically tested the pottery materials and found them dating back to 100 B.C. They also found that these pieces were identical in material to the jars previously brought in with the scrolls by the Bedouin boy. The linen was tested by a radioactive "carbon 14" method; the result of which also indicated a pre- or early Christian date. Both the Bedouins and archaeologists claim that the scrolls were found wrapped in the linen and stored in the jars. Hence, the argument is made that the scrolls belong to an early period; they could not have been written six hundred to one thousand years later and then stored in such ancient material.

Zeitlin does not directly refute the archaeological studies of Harding and de Vaux. Instead, he attacks the application of their theories in the following manner: The date of the pottery does not establish the date of the scrolls. No convincing evidence exists showing that the scrolls were ever stored in the jars. We only have the words of the Bedouins for that. No archaeologist has seen a scroll stored in a jar, since both were observed separately. Hence, it is possible that new scrolls could have been placed in old wrappings. That the scrolls found in the same caves as were the jars proves nothing, because many people lived in these caves in the pre-Christian, early Christian, and medieval eras. Any of these people — as well as any others living in the area — could have deposited the scrolls in the caves. Moreover, there is no reason why a Jew at that time would place scrolls in a jar and seal them in a cave. If the scrolls deteriorated, they would be put away to decay and not be preserved. This is in accordance with ancient Jewish law. If the Jews at that time desired to store

* This article is a condensation of a study made in the departments of Hebrew Studies and History at the University of Wisconsin.

scrolls, they would do so in libraries or synagogues, most likely, not in caves. Zeitlin further asserts that the "carbon 14" test used on the linen is unreliable. When used to check the date of a piece of wood, this test gave three conflicting dates — 746 B.C., 698 B.C., and 289 B.C.

The paleographical study of the scrolls raises many complex problems which have not been yet fully resolved. Once again, the greatest number of experts think that the handwriting of the scrolls indicates a date between the second century B.C. and first century A.D. Zeitlin opposes this theory directly. The most basic problem here is whether pre- or early Christian paleography is an exact science. Professor William F. Albright, chairman of the Oriental Seminary of the Johns Hopkins University, maintains that it is extremely accurate as proved by the use of medieval documents. In opposition Zeitlin argues that no adequate examples exist with which to check the scrolls. It is his contention that the documents used for comparison have unknown dates. Hence, he puts forward the proposition that "to date unknown documents by other unknown documents still leaves us with an unknown date."¹

This argument arises, because both sides differ in their outlook of what is valid in the comparison of documents for the study of paleography. Whereas the majority group thinks it valid to compare the hand-written scrolls to stone writings and painted inscriptions, Zeitlin does not. Moreover, the majority group likens and compares the writing of the scrolls to another document, the "Nash Papyrus," which it maintains dates from the first or second century B.C. To this Zeitlin answers that the "Nash Papyrus" dates from the fourth century A.D., so that even if similar to the scrolls it does not provide a basis for early dating.

In attempting to prove specifically that ancient dating, Solomon Birnbaum, Profes-

sor of Oriental Studies at the University of Manchester in England, refers to the shape of many Hebrew letters used in the scrolls. It is his contention, accepted by the majority faction of scholars, that the history and design of eleven letters definitely establish the date between the two extremes of 200 B.C. and 70 A.D. The letters referred to are: aleph, dalet, he, waw, teth, yod, mem, final mem, pe, quph, and taw. Birnbaum comes to his conclusion by checking closely with documents from Egypt, which he maintains date back to the third century B.C.

After studying the same letters, Zeitlin comes up with the conclusion that the letters resemble those of the Middle Ages in design.

It is obvious that the experts clash directly over the complexities of paleography. With the realization that Zeitlin has at least an arguable negative case in this area, we must now move on to the category of his positive arguments.

Zeitlin bases his positive arguments upon the belief that the rich Jewish literature of the Second Commonwealth and medieval eras contradict the ancient dating of the scrolls. He contends that a comparison of literary styles and expressions is more valid in dating than the application of disputed paleography.

Certain scrolls are recognized as being the most important and representative of the entire discovery. Zeitlin presents his case by analyzing each of these separately. The *Commentary On The Book of Habakkuk* and the *Manual of Discipline* were the first two scrolls published; hence, we shall first concern ourselves with these.

Zeitlin maintains that the *Commentary On The Book of Habakkuk* is a true Jewish Biblical commentary and that Jews did not write commentaries until the Middle Ages. He argues further that the term "morah hatzadik" ("teacher of righteousness") and the verb "feshet" (to bring about a compromise) used repeatedly in this commentary were coined by the Karaites, a Jewish tribe whose history began in the eighth

1. Solomon Zeitlin, "The Propaganda of The Hebrew Scrolls and the Falsification of History," *Jewish Quarterly Review*, XLVI (Oct., 1955), 157.

century. Zeitlin ends his study of this scroll by asserting that its author knew and wrote about medieval talmudic traditions.

The *Manual of Discipline* is one of the most provoking scrolls. Zeitlin rejects the thesis that it is an Essene document giving an added insight into the beliefs and practices of that sect. His study of this scroll is even more extensive than his study of the previous commentary. Zeitlin reiterates the argument about the "teacher of righteousness" since that term also appears in this manual. To it, however, are added other expressions which Zeitlin maintains appear for the first time in Karaitic literature: "sod Kodesh" (holy counsel), "bnae hatzadik" (children of the holy), and "yachad" (here referring to community).

He argues further that had this manual belonged to the Jews of the Second Commonwealth, the name Jehovah or Adonai would be used for God. Both terms were then in vogue among the Jews. Instead, the word El appears. This word became commonly used in the Middle Ages. For instance, the medieval phrase "boruch atta Eli" appears instead of the ancient phrase "boruch atta adonai." (Both phrases mean: Blessed art thou O Lord.) That the use of El in this way appeared only in medieval times is verified by the apocryphal, apocalyptic, talmudic, and midrashic literature.

Many words are misspelled in the *Manual of Discipline*. Among them are the words for Moses, priests, and anger. Zeitlin contends that an Essene scribe would not have made such basic mistakes, because Hebrew was a living language among the Jewish intellectuals at that time. In the Middle Ages when Hebrew had ceased to be a living language even among the intellectuals such mistakes were often made.

Zeitlin also attacks the theory of ancient dating by analyzing the religious laws of the manual. He holds that some of the laws could not be from the Second Commonwealth but, rather, were from Karaitic times. One such law is the prohibition against marrying a niece on the maternal side.

Dr. Millar Burrows, chairman of the De-

partment of Near Eastern Studies at Yale University, attests to an ancient dating of the *Manuals of Discipline*, since it resembles a previously discovered work, the *Zadokite Fragment*. Burrows, of course, accepts the ancient dating of the latter. Zeitlin agrees with Burrows on the resemblance of the two works and on the premise that both come from the same general period. Zeitlin, however, dates the *Zadokite Fragment* in the Middle Ages. He believes that the ideas expressed clearly contradict any notion that it is the work of the Essenes. For one thing, the Essene sect had stricter laws for the Sabbath than the ones mentioned in the *Zadokite Fragment*. Other laws mentioned in the work also differ from Essene practice. This is exemplified by the prohibitions against selling beasts, birds, or slaves to the Gentiles. According to Josephus the Essenes had no private property; according to Philo the Essenes had no slaves.

The War Between The Sons of Light and Sons of Darkness is another scroll of paramount importance. Zeitlin concludes that it, too, dates from the Middle Ages, not from any earlier period. His conclusion is based upon these points:

1. The author of the scroll drew his theme from the medieval Messianic speculations concerning chapter twenty-four of the *Book of Numbers*. Medieval Jews were fond of telling these fanciful tales of war. Josephus and Philo both tell us that the Essenes were pacifists; hence they would not be concerned with relating such stories. Moreover, the scroll's author describes the wars of the sons of Aram, Uz, Hul, Togar, and Masa. These people no longer existed at the time of the Second Commonwealth.

2. Certain terms appearing in the scroll have medieval origins. As examples are the Hebrew words for "prepare" and "high priest." Even more indicative is that the Jews are called "Israel" in this scroll just as in other Karaitic literature, whereas in all the literature of the Second Commonwealth era Jews are referred to as "Judeans."

3. Distorted words are enclosed in parentheses. This was not done in antiquity but

was done in the Middle Ages. If an ancient scribe made a mistake, he would erase the word and write it over. Also, most final Hebrew letters did not come into vogue until after the second century A.D. Such final letters are used in this scroll.

4. Lastly, the scroll outlines the practice of anointing the priests with oil. There is no mention of this practice in the literature of the Second Commonwealth. Rather, it is a medieval practice explained in the midrash, of which an ancient writer would not know.

The Isaiah Scroll is the final scroll which we shall consider. Zeitlin charges that there are fifty-two variants showing how this scroll varies from the pre- or early Christian tannaitic literature. Because these variants are similar to the later Masora Bible text, he claims that this scroll was written no earlier than the seventh or eighth century A.D.² The variants cited include the misspelling of words, among which are the words for happiness, anger, speak, will decay, and go through. The position taken by the Dropsie College Professor is that a scribe in the Second Commonwealth would not have made such mistakes, since Hebrew was then a living language among the Jewish intellectuals. Zeitlin likens such mistakes to an Englishman writing lamp without an "l" or tablet without a "t". He believes a medieval scribe made these mistakes, since many were ignorant of correct Hebrew at that time. In other medieval Hebrew writing similar mistakes appear.

Zeitlin agrees that the letters used belong to the "matres lectionis" group. These letters were not introduced until the Middle Ages. Furthermore, in some places the author of the scroll drew lines through the incorrect words and wrote the right words above them. This is a medieval procedure. In ancient times the scribe would either

erase the word or put dots above it to indicate a mistake. Zeitlin concludes his Isaiah Scroll argument by asserting, "In my opinion it [the Isaiah Scroll] is not worth the good paper upon which it has been printed."

Professor Zeitlin is provoking controversy not only by his specific arguments concerning the scrolls but also by his direct and harsh attacks upon the scholars differing from him in outlook. For instance, he writes, "It is indeed unfortunate that most of the scholars who have been dealing with the subject are working in a vacuum. They do not know the rabbinic or Karaitic literature which is *sine quo non* for determining the date of the Hebrew Scrolls."³

Biblical scholars have attempted to answer specifically few of the arguments presented by Zeitlin. Many have attacked him for disregarding important evidence, namely the parallel of ideas between the scrolls and ancient literature. Zeitlin has also been charged with fallacious reasoning for maintaining that certain scroll terms and words appear in medieval literature and heretofore have not appeared in ancient literature. Such an argument supposedly proves nothing, since it stems from lack of evidence and silence. These general answers, however, hardly seem to negate fully the many-pronged Zeitlin theory. Until a more complete refutation of the theory emerges, the dating and importance of the Hebrew Scrolls must remain questionable.

3. Solomon Zeitlin, "The Hebrew Scrolls and the Status of Biblical Scholarship," *Jewish Quarterly Review*, XLI (1950-1), 185.

2. The "Scroll of Thanksgiving Hymns" is another which Zeitlin analyzes. His arguments, however, are repetitions of ones made in connection with some scrolls already dealt with. Zeitlin also contends that one scroll, definitely establishing a medieval date, has been suppressed. There is little evidence for this; hence we shall not concern ourselves with it.

No race that has anything to contribute to the markets of the world is long in any degree ostracized. It is important and right that all privileges of the law be ours, but it is vastly more important that we be prepared for the exercises of these privileges.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

H. L. Mencken As I's

By HAROLD U. RIBALOW

HL. MENCKEN, who edited the remarkably influential green-covered *American Mercury* in the 'twenties and became one of the most colorful personalities of his time, died in a state of critical decline. He was a highly opinionated individual whose verbal excesses finally caught up with him. His magazine fell sharply in fortunes and in influence and today it is a caricature of what the old *Mercury* stood for. Mencken himself suffered a stroke some years ago and had, in effect, lived as a fossil for years before he finally left the earth about which he had wheezed so entertainingly.

Even before his passing, a handful of biographers attempted to capture the essence of the man in formal biographies. While the books had some value, they missed badly in drawing the true Mencken for the Baltimorean who had shaken American journalism, literature and periodical history, was a complex character. He was vulgar and yet he was also sensitive. He boasted that he had never praised an American President; yet he was gentle towards a number of institutions, including the Catholic Church. He was surrounded by Jewish friends; yet he did not care for Jews and spoke out too warmly in favor of Hitler. He rejected conformity; nevertheless, he seemed to enjoy German, or Prussian, discipline and conformity.

One of the men who knew Mencken well is Charles Angoff, the noted editor and novelist, who in recent years has gained stature as an outstanding interpreter of the American-Jewish scene. For years he had promised himself that he would "do" Mencken, but not in a formal biography. His contribution to Menckenia, he believed, was to draw the man from memory.

He has done this in his most recent book, *H. L. Mencken, A Portrait from Memory* (Thomas Yoseloff, \$3.95).

It is a strange book, although consistently fascinating. First, most of it is in dialogue and nearly everything Mencken is alleged to have stated is within quotation marks. How true can the quotations be, over the passage of the years? Did Charles Angoff make detailed notes on his conversations with Mencken, at parties, restaurants and in casual discussions? "To a large extent," Angoff says, "this book is made up of conversation, but it is conversation of Mencken during ten of his most influential years." And then he clarifies his technique: "I have tried, so far as humanly possible, to report everything as I heard it and as I saw it, relying upon my notes made at the time and upon my memory."

How accurate is that memory? It remains for others who knew Mencken to judge—and on the basis of reviews by those writers who did know Mencken, most assert that Angoff is accurate. Certainly, the words put into Mencken's mouth are so startlingly unlike Angoff's own writings and his own dialogue, that these must be the words of a totally different man. Angoff says it is Mencken.

And what do we find? Angoff deals with Mencken in chapters devoted to special subjects: Mencken on poetry, on novels and novelists, on short stories; Mencken on religion; Mencken on politics and economics; Mencken on women; Mencken at parties; Mencken and George Jean Nathan and their odd relationship; Mencken and Phil Goodman, the Jew who was his best friend. The book is alive; the scenes are vivid; the words gush; and a man stands before you. He is

not a "nice" man, but biased, intolerant men like Mencken are seldom "nice." Nor are "nice" men usually interesting ones.

Of particular interest in this memoir is Angoff's treatment of Mencken in relation to the Jewish people. He has a special chapter on the subject, but Mencken's attitude toward Jews is strewn throughout the volume, particularly in the chapter on Phil Goodman, who was in the advertising and other businesses and who was Mencken's most intimate friend.

In discussing the relationship between the two men, Angoff remarks that "their views of life were almost identical, and their tastes in amusements were perfectly in tune. I had never known two grown men, who found so much pleasure in each other's company."

Then Hitler came along and Mencken, who always was tolerant of things German, refused to become excited about the Nazis. They began to see less and less of each other and after a while they never saw each other again. When Goodman died, Mencken said sadly, "Only my mother's death shook me more than Goodman's. Imagine two men breaking up on account of Hitler!"

In his section on the Jews, Angoff reports on this story from Goodman's viewpoint. A few months before Goodman died in 1940, he and Angoff met and Angoff was told this about Mencken by his long-time friend:

"I've refused to have anything more to do with him, since I learned he was a Hitler lover. But he still sends me all sorts of mail, embalmers' cards, stuff like that. But the other day he did something that made me squirm. The sonofabitch is really no good. He sent me a note on the letter-paper of the *Deutscher Weckruf*, a lousy Nazi sheet published in Yorkville. He asked me how my gallstones were, and he signed himself, Heil Hitler. Funny, eh? Now, what do you think of that?"

Angoff writes that he gasped.

"We Jews never learn," Goodman said.

In his analysis of Mencken and the Jews, Angoff—who seldom has gone out of his way in the past to label a writer as "anti-

Jewish" or "anti-Semitic"—makes a strong case against Mencken as a biased Jew-hater. "The Jews were a puzzle to Mencken," he states. "He loved them and feared them." While Angoff himself, Phil Goodman and George Jean Nathan and Alfred Knopf, his publisher and the sponsor of the *Mercury*, were all Jews, Mencken nevertheless, was often unfriendly to Jews. This does not mean that he was incapable of "nice" statements. Angoff quotes him as saying, "I can't understand how anybody can be an anti-Semite, I have never been to a Jewish home that didn't serve good grub, and I have never known a Jew who was a prohibitionist."

When Mencken was listed in a Jewish reference book as a Jew, Angoff asked him why he didn't object. "I believe in Yahweh as much, well, maybe a little more, than I believe in Jesus, Buddha, Ramzu, and all other godly bastards. And I do believe in stuffed derma, gefilte fish, sacramental wine, tsimes and matzoh-ball soup. That, my boy, makes me at least as good a Jew as you are. Oh, one more thing. I dislike Christians. So what more do you want?"

Angoff points out that Mencken remained friendly with many Jews; that he filled the *Mercury* with Jewish writers; that the *Mercury* "probably printed more about the East Side Jews and the Yiddish press than all the other quality periodicals put together during their entire history."

Yet do these incidents prove his lack of anti-Semitism? Angoff asks this question and then offers the obverse side of the coin.

"He continued to make remarks that appeared to be anti-Jewish. And there is his strange behavior during the Hitler madness . . . He wrote nothing that I can recall against the Nazis or against the Germans as a whole for voting him into office."

And here is a bit of *Mercury* history:

"The subject of Germany had been a bone of contention between us. I had wanted to print articles about what Hitler was doing to the country, and articles analyzing why the Germans voted him into office. Mencken refused to let me do so, on the ground that any day Hitler would be

booted out of office. As we got to our coffee, I brought up the subject again.

"Did you read how the Nazis are molesting Jews, pulling Jewish beards, making Jewish professors scrub the streets of Berlin?" I asked.

"Mencken said nothing for a while. He was relishing a huge piece of cheesecake, one of his favorite desserts. He wiped his mouth and said, 'Angoff, Hitler is a jackass. But he isn't altogether crazy in what he says about the Jews. I understand the Jews make up about 10 per cent of the population of Berlin, yet 90 per cent of the lawyers are Jews. Also more than 90 per cent of the doctors are Jews. And so on. Do you think that's right?'"

"What's wrong about it?"

And Mencken was off and running, taking the side of the Germans.

Phil Goodman explained it to Angoff this way. "Mencken, like so many Germans, is at least partly anti-Semitic, which is to say, partly Nazi. He won't kill Jews, he is against burning synagogues and pulling beards—or maybe he isn't, I really don't know—but deep down he believes with Hitler that Jews are bad for Germany, and that there should be fewer of them there. And like every goddam German, he makes full use of the very Jews he wants to see less of in Germany."

And Angoff concludes: "His anti-Semitism, in other words, was of the same kind of anti-Semitism of Richard Strauss and Knut Hamsun and Arnold Toynbee and former President Abbott Lawrence Lowell of Harvard. He would have been horrified if he had been called an anti-Semite, as President Lowell was horrified when he was charged with anti-Jewish bias, and as Arnold Toynbee is horrified whenever he is charged with being prejudiced against Jews for his unscholarly remarks about the 'inferior' place of Judaism in the history of world civilization and for other unfriendly statements about the Jewish character."

It is depressing to read such things about an important American editor who had done much good for American journalism. But

Mencken is one of a long list of writers and scholars bitten by the bug of anti-Semitism. Angoff, a warm-hearted Jew and a sensitive writer, must have writhed through the years, listening to Mencken's remarks, although it must be conceded that Mencken talked in similar fashion about other religions, institutions, groups and individuals. He was a raucous man and his comments about Jews are no less vulgar than those he made about others.

One more thing could be noted. Some of the critics of this book claim that it is in bad taste and that the author, who was taken in by Mencken when Angoff was only a youngster and trained to become "the best managing editor in America," is ungrateful to his mentor. There is little doubt that much in this volume is shocking. Mencken apparently was Rabelasian in speech and loved to shock people. Angoff, in capturing the quality of Mencken's dialogue, creates a character who lacked finesse and spoke in highly unliterary terms. To tear down an idol is always painful. And this, undoubtedly, Angoff has done. The bad taste, then, is Mencken's, for this was the man, with his use of expletives, his carnality and his pornography.

Whether Angoff is ungrateful is another matter, and this reminds one of the case of John Malcolm Brinnin and Dylan Thomas. Angoff, like Brinnin, had this to offer: the unvarnished portrait of a prominent, gifted man. This, and not a formal, staid biography, with footnotes and scholarly asides. Is the book Angoff offers important to an understanding of a complicated and influential American writer and editor? The answer must be yes, and this is a valid reason for publishing the book.

Yet one who did not know Mencken cannot help wondering how such a man, as drawn by Angoff, published so important and excellent a magazine. This side of Mencken does not emerge. Perhaps the answer is that his managing editor, the editor of this book, was in part responsible. It is never said, nor is it implied. But the thought nags the reader. This is Mencken unwashed.

The Art and Life of Maurycy Gottlieb

By ALFRED WERNER

UNTIL a few months ago, not many Americans knew who Maurycy Gottlieb was. Very few of his paintings have come to this country, and these only after 1939, in collections of refugees from Poland. (Recently, "Gottliebs" that are obvious frauds have turned up here, repeatedly, at public auctions.)

Last January, however, New York's Jewish Museum staged a fine Gottlieb exhibition to commemorate the one-hundredth anniversary of the artist's birth. Unexpectedly beautiful paintings, loaned by Michael M. Zagayski, a former resident of Warsaw and a well-known collector, were shown. In addition, reproductions of other works by Gottlieb, as well as documentary material, were exhibited. Not available were his most important oil, *Praying Jews*, now in the Tel Aviv Museum, and his *Jewish Wedding*, in Jerusalem's Bezalel Museum. Unfortunately, the whereabouts of the majority of his works is unknown. A few canvases in public collections in Poland and Russia are known to have survived the Nazi holocaust.

He died at the age of twenty-three and left pictures showing an astonishing independence and range of color. Even his large compositions reveal a feeling for color and drawing which is surprising considering his youth and his masters [academicians, now almost forgotten]. But it is above all in some of his portrait studies and heads that Gottlieb achieves such remarkable color that one can scarcely believe he was only twenty or twenty-one. His work, however, remains little more than a promise. Maurycy Gottlieb died too soon to realize the great possibilities of his uncanny talent.

This we read in *Polish Painting* (London 1942), by Henryk Gotlib, who is not related to the artist. There exists very little material on Gottlieb in English—curiously, he is not mentioned in *The Jewish Encyclopedia*, though Volume Six came out in 1904, precisely a quarter of a century after the artist's

untimely death. Franz Landsberger fails to mention him in *A History of Jewish Art* (Philadelphia 1946), though he refers to his late-born brother, Leopold, a noted portraitist. However, Karl Schwarz, in *Jewish Artists of the 19th and 20th Centuries* (New York, 1949) devotes several pages to him, and says: "His path is a steep climb, the final result so astounding that one can safely say in this instance that one of the greatest talents was prematurely destroyed."

History is replete with artists who died very young—Giorgione and Raphael passed away in their early thirties, while in the last century Bonington and Seurat were stopped by Fate before they had reached even thirty. Gottlieb, in the six or seven years of his career, worked feverishly—his oeuvre is supposed to have consisted of nearly two hundred items, among them many very large canvases—as if he had had a premonition that the time granted him would be short. One might, of course, also say that, had he taken better care of himself instead of spending day and night at the easel, he might have lived longer . . .

To understand Gottlieb and his art it is necessary to understand the world in which he grew up. Drohobycz in Eastern Galicia, where he was born on February 21, 1856, had been a sleepy town until in the 1840's the discovery of oil nearby transformed it into a commercial center in which the Jews, constituting fifty per cent of the population, held most of the leading positions. To them, as to the Jews elsewhere in the vast Austro-Hungarian monarchy, the benign rule of Emperor Francis Joseph I with its official disapproval of religious discrimination, offered protection from anti-Semitic attacks. Vienna was the Mecca, and German rather than Polish was the language preferred by

the Jewish intelligentsia of Galicia, though there were some Jews who sympathized with Polish irredentism.

The Gottliebs were a pious couple who took their eleven children—five boys and six girls—to synagogue services. But father Gottlieb, a well-to-do owner of an oil refinery, was also an enlightened man, a true *maskil* (intellectual) who loved the “beauty of Japhet” and the “wisdom of the Gentiles.” His wife, a sensitive woman, transmitted her artistic talent to four of their sons. Unlike other Jewish parents in Eastern Europe, the Gottliebs did not object to their sons becoming artists.

When Maurycy was thirteen, he was admitted to the art school in Lemberg (Lwow) after having demonstrated his precocious skill by drawing an ox. Three years later the conscientious father took his son to Vienna, where the teachers at the Academy welcomed the boy, after having seen his rendition of the head of Socrates.

In the dazzling Austrian capital, the boy fell under the spell of two masters. One of them was Hans Makart, the pampered darling of high society, whose huge canvases, treating historical scenes in a grandiose and rather theatrical manner, created a sensation. These canvases, filled with a multitude of figures, including voluptuous nudes, were widely admired. Yet his drawing was poor, and his brilliant color quickly faded. At the peak of success, Makart became insane, and died at the age of forty-four. Unfortunately, Gottlieb, in some of his larger compositions, permitted himself to be influenced by this painter whose works, often carelessly and hastily executed, are now generally rejected for their melodramatic staginess, their lack of deeper significance and prevalence of absurd anachronisms.

More important was the influence of the Polish painter, Jan Matejko, whose work, *Scene in the Polish Parliament in 1791*, was purchased by the Austrian emperor and hung in the Belvedere Palace where it was seen by young Gottlieb. Matejko, too, painted huge flamboyant canvases, but his sincerity was greater than that of the Vien-

nese Makart. Though he had been advised at the Academy he had no talent whatsoever and should become a shoemaker rather than a painter, Matejko quickly rose to fame, not only as a painter of historical scenes but also as a champion of Polish nationalism.

He taught at the Academy of Cracow, the city which for hundreds of years, up to the early seventeenth century, was the capital of the kingdom of Poland. The most beautiful Gothic and Renaissance churches and castles adorned the city. While Poland ceased to exist as a political unit in 1794, a miniature Poland was created by the Congress of Vienna, which in 1815 resolved that Cracow should be “forever a free, independent, and strictly neutral city.” But in 1846 the three powers, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, which had promised to protect this small state, decided to extinguish it and to turn the territory over to Austria.

Matejko was then a young boy, yet the bleeding and suffering of Poland marked him for life. As an artist, he had only one idea: to glorify Poland. Perhaps young Maurycy, viewing Matejko's work, first in Vienna and then in Cracow where he became the master's pupil in 1874, was much too stirred by the message conveyed by the paintings to be able to see their great faults.

Matejko was an excellent draftsman and had a sure feeling for the richness in color. He had a marvelous sense of composition, and his battle scenes, showing victorious Polish knights on horseback cutting down the enemy were, indeed, exciting in their violent contrasts of movement, in their dramatic juxtaposition of colors, light and shade. Nineteenth century admirers claimed that Matejko used color like Rubens, and that his huge canvases combined the power of Michelangelo with the monumentality of Tintoretto. Today, we judge his work more critically. We hear the trumpets blown in praise of Poland, we see the swords flung as a challenge to the oppressors. But we also notice a lack of discipline, a hastiness in execution, and we regret that the subordination of artistic problems to “historical ac-

curacy" makes these canvases too theatrical for our taste.

Maurycz, like most other Jewish intellectuals of Drohobycz, had identified himself entirely with German culture. But in Cracow he heard so much talk about the Polish question that he could not help being moved by the suffering, real or otherwise, of the Polish people, that "Christ of the Nations." Poland, he learned, was once a powerful kingdom stretching from the Black to the Baltic Sea. Sandwiched between despotic Muscovy and the absolute monarchies in the west, it was a stronghold of liberty, where the king's power was considerably limited by a well-developed parliamentary system, where a form of *habeas corpus* existed long before its adoption in England, and where Jews, Hussites, Calvinists and other religious minorities could find refuge.

Today the mention of Poland reminds us, inevitably, of its deplorable anti-Semitic record. But, before 1880, when anti-Semitism and anti-liberalism severed the close ties between Jewish and Polish intellectuals, it was not uncommon for a Jew to be an ardent Polish patriot, especially if he were a resident of Warsaw. Many young Jews shed their blood in the three futile attempts to regain sovereignty—1794, 1831, and 1863. In Cracow, where Polish nationalism and irredentism burned with its hottest flame, Maurycz wrote poems, exhorting and comforting Polonia, but in German, the language he knew better than he knew Polish.

Inevitably, Maurycz was spurred to follow Matejko in his choice of subject matter. He painted *Boleslav the Mighty Before the Gates of Kiev*—the 11th century king who routed the army of the Grand Duke of Kiev and made Poland one of the most powerful states of medieval Europe. In another painting we see John III Sobieski, the 17th century king, receiving Austrian emissaries imploring help to deliver Vienna from the Turks. But we are also shown the end—Thaddeus Kosciuszko, after the defeat at Maciejowice, pronouncing the historic sentence: "Finis Poloniae!"

Gottlieb's self-portrait shows the hand-

some lad in the rich costume of a member of *Shlachta*, the Polish knighthood, with a plumed hat and a sword. He looks a little cheeky, and very self-assured. The second self-portrait, painted while he was studying at the Academy of Munich, is entirely different. Entitled *Ahasuerus*, it refers to the Wandering Jew who, according to the legend, was shunned by everyone—just as Maurycz had been treated by several anti-Semitic professors at Cracow, and ostracized by prejudiced fellow-students both in Cracow and Munich. This picture is not only riper in technique, it is also deeper in expression.

The great star on Munich's artistic sky and favorite of the German emperor was Carl von Piloty, celebrated for huge canvases like *Nero Dancing under the Ruins of Rome* or *Godfrey of Bouillon on a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land*. Stressing minute and unrelenting attention to detail, he taught his pupils the dexterous use of all devices and tricks of painting, but was honest enough to tell Maurycz that there was nothing he could teach him. Gottlieb's color and drawing were now more subtle than before, and he wisely refrained from attempting canvases of a size fitting the huge compositions of a Paolo Veronese. In 1876, he received a prize for *Shylock and Jessica*, shown in the Munich Kunstverein; thereupon the noted publisher, Bruckmann, commissioned the young foreigner to make twelve illustrations for a de luxe edition of Lessing's drama, *Nathan the Wise*. Yielding to anti-Semitic pressure, Bruckmann canceled the commission after seven of the illustrations had been finished.

Anti-Semitism of the Hitlerian type had not been invented as yet. But occurrences of the kind described above made Gottlieb, who had vacillated between German and Polish culture, turn to the Jewish sources of his existence. The same man who, in a letter, had begged his sister Anna to become a Polish patriot, later studied, with profound interest, the monumental 11-volume *History of the Jews* by Heinrich Graetz, completed in 1875. Remembering his early experience in the synagogue of Drohobycz, he painted

Praying Jews on the Day of Atonement.

Two hundred years earlier one of the greatest of all western artists, Rembrandt, had shown Jews, not as caricatures, but as a people endowed with human dignity, though they were visualized outside the Biblical context. But Rembrandt was a Protestant Dutchman. The German Jew, Moritz Daniel Oppenheim (1800-1882) painted a series of canvases showing contemporary middle-class Israelites celebrating their festivals in the synagogue or at home. But good old Oppenheim was an illustrator rather than a painter, he was a story-teller, and all of his pictures, mawkish and sentimental, have something of the character of peep-shows, or *tableaux*. Then there was the once celebrated Leopold Horowitz (1838-1917), a Slovakian trained in Vienna and Paris who, about 1870, took a trip to Warsaw, to make sketches in the Jewish quarter. One of the results of these sketches is *Prayers in a Polish Synagogue on the Anniversary of the Destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem*, which received a gold medal at the Vienna Exposition of 1873. The figures are life-size, and as usual in Horowitz' work, well-drawn. The mourners, some shoeless, and all disheveled, are shown seated on low stools or on the ground. Some are sunken in silent sorrow, others are weeping. In the center is an old man in gloomy meditation over a heavy book, while another ancient, this one obviously blind, totters into the gloomy room led by a boy. Once widely celebrated, the picture now strikes us as having too much theatricality, too much gesticulation at the expense of inner feelings, of real emotion.

In Gottlieb's painting, however, the figures are not posed, they are real, their expressions, their gestures are convincing. In rich, yet restrained colors, he showed the earnest, dignified men in the act of prayer, the Oriental beauty of the Jewish women. In the Jewish Museum's catalogue we find this interesting reference:

The people he depicted in his large canvas were members of his own family, his father, mother, and their kin. One of the Jews in prayer is Gottlieb himself, his face shadowed by his hand. Next to him

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sits a man holding a *Torah Scroll*. On its mantle one reads the words: "For the soul of Maurycy Gottlieb. His memory be blessed." When his God-fearing father saw the inscription, he reproached Maurycy. The son replied that his work would survive him. It was, he said, as if the shadows of his deceased ancestors were around him. Perhaps he had heard of the old ghost stories of the Polish Jews which tell of the departed coming at night to the synagogue to pray and to read from the *Torah*. Gottlieb granted his father's wish that he remove the ominous inscription from the painting, but later he put it back.

The oil caused a sensation in Jewish circles. The Hebrew press hailed it as a genuinely Jewish masterpiece. *Praying Jews* paved the way for the coming generation of Eastern European artists, as it showed them, as well as their parents and educators, that art and Judaism need not be antagonistic. One might say that it was the first picture of Jews made by a Jew which deserved a place in a museum, the first that is a real masterpiece.

After the completion of what Karl Schwarz calls "the swan song of a short life" Gottlieb returned to Galicia, yet soon he decided that he wanted to go to Rome. Was it the usual wanderlust of a young artist that drove Gottlieb from place to place, or an Ahasuerian feeling of unrest, of not belonging to any particular place? At any rate, he had received a partial scholarship for his trip, but he needed additional funds. His father could not help this time, for the paternal home had burned down, and the Gottliebs were in severe financial straits. The *kehillah* refused to help the young man—he was made to understand that on account of the fire the services of a *mularz* (mason) were more urgently needed than those of a *malarz* (painter).

Eventually, with the aid of a Viennese patron, Gottlieb could go to the Eternal City, in October 1878. There he met his beloved teacher, Matejko, who had proceeded to Rome to present the Pope with one of his own paintings as a token of Poland's loyalty to the Papacy. At a festive dinner, Matejko had the nobility of heart to drain his glass of wine in honor of Gottlieb, hailing him as "the young master, the

most hopeful disciple of Polish art, whom I greet as my successor, in the presence of this illustrious assembly."

In the typical Polish manner, men kissed each other on the cheeks, tears of excitement were flowing with the wine—the dinner, intended to honor Matejko, had turned into an homage to the young Galician Jew. A fellow-artist named Henryk Siemiradzki, however, did not like the idea that Matejko had bestowed praise upon a Jew, and he urged Gottlieb to remember that, despite everything, he was only a "pariah." A duel almost followed, but after the exchange of many angry words the incident was settled with an apology from Siemiradzki.

Despite this, Gottlieb continued to advocate a cordial cooperation between Poles and Jews. "How much I would like to make peace between Poles and Jews!" he wrote to a friend. "Is not the history of both peoples one of suffering?"

He now engaged in the painting of subjects stressing the common bonds between

Poles and Jews, one was the story of Esterka, daughter of a Jewish tailor who, according to a widely circulated legend, became the wife of Casimir the Great; another dealt with the grant of privileges to the Jews by the same king.

After a few months' stay in Rome, Gottlieb moved on again, this time back to Cracow. Some time earlier, he had fallen in love with a girl there who, though she appreciated him, did not think she could marry an unstable person like Gottlieb. A second love affair, after Maurycy's return from Rome, was also doomed to frustration.

We do not know precisely the cause of his death on July 17th, 1879. It is reported that he was suffering from a tuberculosis of the larynx that resisted all treatment. Many mourners followed the coffin to the burial place, despite a torrential rainstorm.

We need not like everything Gottlieb painted. The four academies he attended often stifled in him what we now called the purely painterly qualities—those qualities we



*Portrait
of an
Old Lady*

By
MAURYCZ
GOTTLIEB

cherish in Delacroix, Courbet, Renoir, and others. It was unfortunate that he studied not in France, where the Impressionists touched off a revolution in the 1870's, but in central Europe where art lagged far behind the west. There is too much of Piloty, Makart, and, of course, Matejko in his ambitious large canvases. For instance, there is too much staginess in *Jesus Preaching in the Temple*. (This work of 1878 was, however, revolutionary insofar as it showed Jesus not as an Italian, German, Pole, etc., as had been done by the artists before, but as a Jew, preaching to a crowd of interested Hebrews.) *Slave Market in Cairo* is not better than many works, literary and anecdotal, by once celebrated academicians, whose canvases are now relegated to the cellars of the

museums. *Shylock and Jessica*, however, is so well and richly painted that the theatricality of the scene is overlooked.

Gottlieb was at his best as a portraitist. Rembrandt, whose work he studied, had a profound influence on the earnest young man with the restlessly searching soul. His portraits, like those of the Dutch master, are gems of psychological penetration in an era that vied in beautifying and falsifying its sitters. Gottlieb probably never saw the work of Corot. Yet his portraits of girls and elderly women have a delicacy, lightness of touch, and a charm of coloring strongly reminiscent of that French master. What a pity that Maurycy did not have at least a few more years to ripen his talent—what a truly great painter he would have emerged!



Praying Jews

By
**MAURICY
GOTTLIEB**

Tales From a Galilee Town

By NORA BENJAMIN KUBIE

SOMETIMES of an evening in Safed you cannot help wondering if everything that happens there even today can be explained by coincidence and cold facts. S'fad, as the Israelis call it, is a many-sided town: Holy City; summer resort; artists' colony. I asked Moshe, the landlord of my hotel, to tell me something about his fellow citizens. Moshe, who is the fourth generation of his family to be born in Israel, is a tall and solid fellow with a round face that seldom lets you know whether he is serious or joking.

"You remember of course Chelm, where the angel of the Lord dropped a bagful of very special souls," he said. "The angel kept a few of his best for us. S'fad, it's the Chelm of Israel."

There lives in S'fad, for instance, a man whose trade is to make *tabouretkas*. Unfortunately he loves these little tables so much that he can't bear to sell them. He works as a porter instead, and every cent he earns goes for wood and nails so that he can make more *tabouretkas*. His whole house and yard are full of them. Soon he will have to sleep in the street.

Right now in S'fad they can't get a mayor. The one they had left town and no one else will take the job. So the opposition party said to the party in power, "Why don't you just choose anyone? You can rely on us; we promise to vote against him."

S'fad perches on a mountain-top, and the main street circles the mountain like a collar, from the gas station where the buses stop, past hotels and pensions and a low wall where boys and girls sit entwined looking at the view of the valley, past Cinema, and a parking lot full of donkeys, to a Moorish archway where it turns and goes back where it came from. It is the only street in

town built wide enough for two cars to pass. Of course a donkey pace is the best any car can do upon it, for the pedestrians have taken it over as promenade deck and rendezvous. Why then did they bother to build it so wide? In order that two cars might pass.

Of a summer evening, everyone is out walking, drinking in mountain air, gossip, and political news. There are more beards to be seen on this strip than any place in Israel: the newcomers in turbans and baggy pants have beards; the artists also, and several of the brawny sabra soldiers strolling arm in arm with their pretty girls. Naturally the Chassidim are bearded; you are more likely, however, to find these ecstatic scholars half-way down the hill near the two ancient synagogues, one of which is Ashkenazic, the other Sephardic. The history of Safed, which is not mentioned in the Scriptures, begins in the second century when Shimon bar Yochai, who is buried in nearby Merom, took down the Zohar from the dictation of angels, in a cave not far away. This text book of Kabbala was carried to Spain, whence it was later returned to Safed by Inquisition refugees.

Then the town's golden age began. S'fad became the gathering place for pious scholars, would-be messiahs, mystics and masters of Kabbala such as Rabbi Isaac Luria, of whom Lion Feuchtwanger wrote: "The souls of the buried he could see and the souls of the living when on a Sabbath Eve they soared to Paradise . . . he saw God's shuttle weaving the world, the angels came and held discourse with him. He knew that over all there was mystery, but for him mystery opened its eyes, fawned on him like an obedient dog."

Safed's time of greatness passed, but the Pious remained there, studying Torah and

Talmud, praying in the ancient synagogues. The Chassidim joined them in the nineteenth century, dancing to the glory of God. The Sabbath in Safed was welcomed as a bride, a queen, with medieval songs which are still sung today.

Even the ordinary citizens of S'fad believe in divine help more literally than the rest of the Israelis, all of whom believe in miracles of some sort. How else, asked Moshe, would you explain what happened to S'fad in 1948? The town had fourteen thousand Arabs then, and only fifteen hundred Jews. When the Arab Nations attacked Israel, the Jews of S'fad were completely cut off from the rest of the country; logically they should have been exterminated.

"The Arabs were sitting on that mountain right behind this hotel," Moshe said. "Every time they fired, they used to yell down, 'This bullet is for you!' Then the rain began to fall, and it was red, like blood. The Arabs said that the God of the Jews was up to his tricks again, like that time with Pharaoh in Egypt. They were so frightened that they ran away, which was a help to the *Hagannah* boys who liberated us. The color of the rain you can explain, because there was *khamseen*—the wind bringing sand from the desert—but how can you explain why it rained just then? It was summer, and it never rains here in summer, never at all!"

You can't explain it, any more than you can explain your thumping heart if you walk through the old city at night. Your footsteps echo on the cobbled way which is so narrow that you can touch the ghost-white houses on either side with your out-stretched hands. There are no Arabs now in S'fad; the population is friendly to strangers and law-abiding; even the blackest alleys are perfectly safe. Yet you hurry past the deserted Arab market-place as if a werewolf might leap out upon you from the empty, yawning arches. Why?

We spoke of this one August evening in the hotel garden: Moshe, an elderly American judge, and I. Moonlight filtered faintly down through the feathery leaves of olive trees that were two thousand years old.

Moonlight lay pale on the blue breast of the deserted mosque and on the roof-tops of the half-ruined Arab houses descending like a staircase from the main street to the valley-bottom where the ancient Jewish dead sleep in their ancient cemetery. On the other side of the valley brooded the dark Galilee hills. Only to the north sparkled the clusters of lights that were new settlements, guarding the borders of Israel, up against Lebanon.

But inside the hotel we could hear the sound of cards being shuffled and the voices of tourists comparing notes. Nearby a radio blared, songs in Hebrew and songs from Broadway. The Judge sighed. "I keep looking for the way things used to be when I was here years ago," he said wistfully. "The mountains seemed higher, and when you walked at night the stars were so close you could almost touch them. And the moon—you could read by it. It seemed to me that there was something different here in S'fad—I don't know how to explain it—something out of this world. You know what I mean?"

"Of course," Moshe answered. "You can't be here and not feel it. In winter, when the clouds from the mountains are walking the streets, you see sometimes only a man's head and sometimes only his legs trotting along. No wonder we believe in *Kabbala*."

"In America they consider such ideas nonsense," said the Judge. "Anyhow Israel is a state now and everything is modern. You can't tell me about anything going on in S'fad nowadays that can't be properly explained."

"Why not?" the landlord said. "I think I'll tell you a story from a few years ago. But first we'll have some tea."

He was silent till the tea was brought. "I'm thinking on how to begin," he said at last. "We've had this hotel in our family a long time, you know, but no such thing has ever happened to us before. And I'm not joking; every word I'll tell you is the truth . . ."

He stirred the sugar round and round in his glass. "It was not yet the season; no guests in the hotel. I went to Haifa on busi-

ness one day; I came back about six o'clock. I went from the garden inside to my desk, and then I see that the Chassidim have taken over my hotel. The whole house has gone completely *meshugah*! In the dining room the men with beards and ear-curls flying, are starting to turn all the tables and move all the furniture to suit them; they are taking down the pictures from the walls; anything they think looks too modern or fancy, they put away.

"I am so astonished at first I can't speak. I rush into the kitchen to look for Sara, my wife, and the kitchen is full of strange women, all busy cooking as if they were at home. They have opened my frigidaire and taken out all my food and put in their own. They have brought with them chicken, meat, fish, seasonings—everything. I keep a kosher house, as you know, but they are putting away all the cups and dishes to use their own; they don't trust mine.

"I say, 'What kind of *hutzpah* is this? Who gave you authority to take over my hotel?'

"They say, 'The Rebbe is going to come—didn't you know?'

"'What Rebbe?' I shout. They give me a look of scorn and don't even bother to answer.

"But now I find that they have moved out my things and my wife's from our bedroom, if you please! The Rebbe is very wise and very old, cannot climb stairs, and must be kept warm. Our room, which is on the ground floor, has also central heating. There the Rebbe will sleep. 'You do not need such a room tonight,' they tell me.

"'What about my wife?' I say.

"'She should sleep somewhere else—with you,' they say.

"'Please,' I say. 'At least tell me who this Rebbe is!'

"'You don't know our Rebbe, and how he has finished his great book which is the last of eighteen books on which he has been working for twenty years?'

"'You don't tell me,' I say, no wiser than before. Then I learn that this Rebbe's book is a full interpretation of the *Zohar*, and

now it is completed, all the Rebbe's friends and disciples have decided to make for him a *Siyom*—a Festival of Finishing—to honor him.

"'But why choose my hotel for the occasion?' I ask, thinking to myself that I could do without the privilege.

"They answer that there is a man named Avraham, and he told them my hotel in S'fad would be the best place for their festival. Then the man from whom I am asking the questions says to me, in my own lobby, 'Go away; don't bother us. Can't you see that we're busy?'

"Well, I know this Avraham, but he never consulted me in this connection; he never even told me about it. And now a taxi drives up and out jumps nine scholars, singing in full joy. Then there comes a bus from Jerusalem, and taxis from Tel Aviv and Haifa—the Chassidim of all Israel are gathering at my hotel, and from other countries too, I shouldn't wonder. Pretty soon the whole street is clogged up and traffic is stopped.

"There is a little man, a hunch-back, no higher than my waist, carrying a barrel of wine as big as he is under each arm. He opens each barrel, *bing-bing*, and starts to fill all the glasses. Soon everyone is dancing and singing. Later the Rebbe, who has been resting in my bedroom, joins the table. He is a fine looking old gentleman with a beautiful white beard and a black satin kaftan. His specially fine *shtreimel* sits like a crown upon his revered head. Many others wear their fur hats, and kaftans of white, yellow and pink, but some are dressed up quite modern.

"They eat and they drink and they dance and they sing, and when they get tired, they lie down and sleep wherever they happen to be: in all the rooms, in the garden, everywhere. Then they wake up refreshed and begin all over again. And so it goes on, the whole night through.

"Meanwhile the family is sitting in a little room upstairs, waiting till the Chassidim should be done with our hotel. We have with us the radio, which we did not think

the Rebbe would need. Sara, my wife, turns on the news, and we hear about the Jewish doctors being accused and persecuted in Russia. Naturally we are very upset. 'Is it not enough what Hitler did to us?' Sara says. 'Must it start all over again with Stalin?'

"I go downstairs to tell this news to the guests, but I see it is no use. The Chassidim are by now so full of ecstasy over their Rebbe's book that what happens in the world is none of their concern tonight. Some are laughing and some are weeping (from joy of course); each is chanting on his own in a different key; five or six dance in a circle and others dance each by himself. Those who sit are beating time on the tables. A man whom I know comes to me with a glass of wine, that I should drink with him. I take it, hoping it will cheer up my gloom.

"*'L'chaim,'* says my friend, lifting his glass.

"*'L'chaim.'* I say in my turn.

"But the Rebbe puts his trembling old hand on my arm and he scolds me gently, like father to child. 'When you say *'L'chaim* it is wishing a man should live, not that he should die,' he says.

"It strikes me hard that the Rebbe should know, without my saying a word, that I was wishing death for Stalin as I drank. The others say, 'What do you mean, Rebbe?'

"He doesn't at first answer; his eyes, so wise and old, aren't looking at anyone in the room; he is far away beyond the mountains of the Galile. When he does speak, his voice that had been like the thin edge of a glass, so brittle, from age, comes deep and strong from far inside him. He says that he sees all the kings and all the rulers who will be ruling the countries of the world in one month from tonight, after the first day of Nissan, which is the beginning of the new year for Kings, according to *Kabbala*. 'But I don't see that Haman, the tyrant of the Russians, between the other rulers,' he says. Then he lifts his glass and says, 'To life!'

"I don't understand what the Rebbe

means, or to whose life he is drinking. I go back to the family upstairs who are still sitting by the radio in sorrow."

Moshe drained the last of his cold tea. It was late; the other guests of the hotel had gone to bed, and Sara had extinguished all but one small night light in the lobby. The garden was very quiet now; there was only the churring of a tree frog, and the wind sighing in the olive branches. No longer any sounds from the street, not even a footstep on the pavement.

"What happened then?" the Judge asked.

"Why nothing in particular happened then," said the landlord. "The Rebbe went to sleep in the bedroom that was mine and Sara's; his friends went on eating and drinking and dancing and singing."

"But—" the Judge began. Far down the hillside, near the old cemetery, a jackal lifted its voice in a long, bubbling howl.

"It happened exactly a month later," Moshe continued. "It all came true what the Rabbi said. On the first day of Nissan at six-thirty in the morning, I am called up by telephone. It is that man Avraham. He is very excited. He says, 'Moshe, did you hear the radio just now?'

"'What should I hear on the radio at six-thirty in the morning?' I say, very cross. 'I haven't even had my coffee yet!'

"'I just heard,' Avraham says. 'Stalin is dead. Now the Jews of Russia will live!'

The landlord pushed back his chair. "Anyhow, when the Chassidim took over my hotel for their *Siyom*, it was quite a celebration. People danced all night and all next day in the streets—till four o'clock the next afternoon they danced. It was a month later, on the New Year of the Kings, when Stalin was dead, that they really had cause for dancing, but by then *S'fad* was quiet again.

"As for what the Rebbe said—how he knew of life and death one month before these things came to be—you can make of this what you want. I don't try to explain it. It's the way things happen in our town."

American Labor and Politics

By MARC KARSON

THE AFL-CIO MERGER was an epochal step in the growth of American trade unionism. The reunification ended a schism that existed for almost twenty years and gave birth to the largest union ever to appear in America, as well as in the non-Communist world. The total membership of the new AFL-CIO is 15,000,000 workers affiliated through 141 autonomous national and international unions and 77,000 local unions. The largest affiliated unions are the 1,330,000 auto workers, the 1,229,000 teamsters, the 1,194,000 steelworkers, the 750,000 carpenters, the 626,900 machinists, the 460,000 electricians, the 385,000 clothing workers and the 362,000 electrical workers. Michael Quill, fiery left-wing president of the Transport Union, personally opposed the merger, but his union gave its approval. The United Mine Workers and most of the Railroad Brotherhoods remain out of the merger. In all, about 2,000,000 unionized American workers in 57 national and international unions are not affiliated to the AFL-CIO.

The present political significance of the AFL-CIO's formation is the existence of a larger and more progressive labor political arm known as C.O.P.E. (Committee on Political Education) which will compete in the American pressure group area, and exert particular influence on the Democratic party. The immediate effect of unionism's increased political activity will be to increase the interest and participation of labor's rank and file in politics in America. Any speculation that the labor merger will produce before long a labor party, however, is either wishful thinking of leftists or irrational fear of labor's critics.

AFL-CIO leaders say that one of the

purposes of the consolidation is to use the organization's combined resources for further unionization, particularly in the south. Walter Reuther's automobile workers have pledged \$1,000,000 for this purpose and as much as \$8,000,000 may be spent by AFL-CIO on an organized drive. Should such an organizing drive be successful, the following important political consequences would gradually appear in the south: a mingling of white and Negro workers, a challenge to the conservative machines now dominating the Democratic party, the repeal of state anti-labor laws, the introduction of elementary social-economic legislation, and increased labor influence on southern delegates to national political conventions.

The drafting of a constitution for the merged union gave the AFL its opportunity to abandon the Marxist "class struggle" language of its constitution's preamble adopted in 1886, and to substitute a more up-to-date statement of democratic Americanism. The new preamble pledges that the union will function through "our constitutional government and consistent with our institutions" and with the American "way of life."

The main body of the new constitution, largely drafted by the CIO's general counsel, Arthur Goldberg, is more explicit than the preamble about the political philosophy of the united union. Discrimination within the union movement in respect to "race, color, creed, or national origin" is rejected. Since about 20 AFL unions practiced color discrimination under the old AFL constitution, this new civil rights pronouncement, if enforced, may contribute to the death of Jim Crow in unions. CIO leaders like Reuther, and other leaders of progressive unions in the needle trades and textile industries,

emphasize that they intend to press for action in this area.

Like other American bodies today, the new organization will emphatically protect itself against Communism. The unified union excludes any totalitarian supporter from holding an executive office and it will conduct investigations of any union suspected of being influenced by totalitarian movements.

The foreign affairs policies of the united labor movement will follow those of the AFL and CIO in recent years, i.e., general approval of the Truman-Eisenhower program. The new union will support the United Nations, foreign aid, and the reciprocal trade program. Above all, it considers the keystone of today's foreign policy to be anti-Communism.

On the international labor scene, America's new union will participate in the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, the organization founded through AFL efforts in 1949. The anti-Communist feeling of the combined federation is again evident in its constitution which stipulates cooperation for "the cause of peace and freedom" only with the "free and democratic labor movements throughout the world."

The merged union's constitutional pronouncement on the theory underlying its political action is as conventional and American as Coca Cola. Stripped of excess verbiage, it says that workers will be encouraged to register and vote so that legislation favorable to the American people can be obtained.

The constitutional mechanism created for implementing the organization's political beliefs, however, opens the way to more vigorous action than had been practiced by the AFL. Standing committees have been formed on legislation, civil rights, political education, ethical practices (anti-corruption and anti-Communism), international affairs, education, social security, economic policy, community services, housing, research, and public relations. These committees indicate a triumph of the CIO's concepts of a trade union, and suggest that the united labor

organization will assume a greater obligation for its members' needs as citizens and consumers than the AFL had previously undertaken.

So much for the constitution. And understanding of the political future of American trade unions also requires an evaluation of the political ideas and position of the leading personalities at the helm of the combined union movement.

George Meany, former AFL president, was elected as head of the AFL-CIO. Reminiscent of Samuel Gompers, Meany sees capitalism as the system most beneficial to workers. Union goals, he says, "are modest" and labor does not intend "to recast American society in any particular doctrinaire or ideological image." Collective bargaining is labor's basic method of seeking "more." A stronger use of pressure politics will be invoked by the new union "not with the idea of running the country" but to protect unionism from legal setbacks and to gain a higher standard of living for the workers.

The farthest thing from Meany's mind is a labor party. Not only will he refuse to promote such a development, but he will also use his office to combat any such possibility. Everything about the man—his philosophy, religion, politics and mode of action—points to this conclusion. He is the prototype of business unionism from the AFL building-trades unions. New York Irish, grammar-school educated, practical and materialistic, Meany is a registered Democrat and a Roman Catholic who is aware of the conservative social principles of his church. Like Herbert Hoover, Meany is also a staunch believer in "the American way of life," for within that way of life, he has climbed from the sidewalks of the Bronx to the top rungs of privilege and power. His own success, labor's success, and America's success prove to him that Marxian ideology is utterly incorrect in its evaluation of, and program for, America.

Like a political boss whose continuance in power depends on recognizing the needs of people, Meany finds himself an advocate of ideas having sales value. He speaks for

the Bill of Rights though its protection is not for the Communists who are "traitors to the workers." He denounces racial and religious discrimination. He favors expanded consumer purchasing power, social legislation, reduced tariff duties, and economic aid to needy countries. Understandably, his most persistent themes are condemning the Taft-Hartley Law as the "slave-labor law" and Right-to-Work Laws as "right-to-scab" laws.

The first vice-president of the AFL-CIO is the dynamic and progressive president of the United Auto Workers, Walter Reuther. Few trade union leaders have the leadership qualifications and ability of Walter Reuther. Coming from a socialist family where his German immigrant father steadily debated basic social problems with his sons, Reuther early gained a social consciousness. His work experience as a tool maker for about thirteen years began in 1923 when he was sixteen years old and makes him a union leader with a bona fide worker's background. His tremendous energy and ambition drove him to also continue his formal education to the senior year at Wayne University in Detroit. In the mid-thirties he added to his knowledge by hiking through Europe and Asia, observing at first hand the operation of such countries as Fascist Germany, Soviet Russia, backward India and imperialist Japan. By 1942 he had risen to the vice-presidency of the UAW and though his socialism had been shed, his knowledge of company profits, operating costs, technical problems and market situations made him a thorn in the side of management during collective bargaining sessions. The Communists, too, came to know the strength of Reuther as he fought them for control of the UAW. By 1946 he defeated their candidate, R. J. Thomas, and in the following year he gained complete control by winning twenty out of the twenty-four executive board seats. His anti-Communist movement continued within the CIO where he played a leading part in the ouster of Communist dominated unions in the late 1940's. With the death of Phillip Murray, Reuther was elected president of the CIO in 1952. The opposition of

conservative and Catholic orientated steelworker president, David McDonald, to Reuther's CIO leadership, and the constant threats in the next couple of years that the steelworkers would pull out of the CIO (already weakened by the Communist union expulsions) may explain part of the motivation causing socially conscious Reuther to take the CIO into a merger with the AFL, the "aristocrats of labor."

Though Reuther's presence in the new labor movement gives hope to progressives, the tail cannot wag the dog. The twenty-nine men executive council is AFL dominated by a two to one majority. Other vice-presidents like teamster Dave Beck and steelworker Dave McDonald rule equally large unions and hold more conservative social views than Reuther. The dynamism of Reuther that has won its victories over corporation executives and Communist strategists, nevertheless, will continue to make itself felt. Thus both the constitution for the merged union and the influence that president George Meany and first vice-president Walter Reuther will have in the labor movement suggest that the future politics of American trade unionism as a national force will be close to that of the "vital center."

To fully appreciate, however, the extent of trade unionism's political growth, it is necessary to recall its earlier history. In spite of the progressive influence of Jewish led needle trades, midwestern German unions, and socialist exhortations, the basic American trade union movement in the early twentieth century was a conservative one. Before the 1914 Industrial Relations Commission, Gompers voiced the AFL's disapproval of legislated minimum wages for men and women, and of government unemployment insurance. The next year legislation for the eight-hour day was rejected by the AFL convention; at that time Gompers derided the Socialists as the "ballot box maniacs" agitating for this law. The following year he attacked government health insurance as "repugnant to a free-born citizen." Government old age pensions were disapproved

by many AFL conventions. In fact, it was not until the great depression of 1929 that the AFL began to give even lip service to a comprehensive concept of social security legislation.

The tone of Gompers' remarks on racial matters and the attitudes of the youthful AFL movement toward this subject were extremely nationalistic and lacking in the spirit of brotherhood. In his autobiography, Gompers tells of AFL opposition to immigration because of "the principle that maintenance of the nation depended upon the maintenance of racial purity and strength." Writing in the *American Federationist* in 1905 he declared that the Japanese were unassimilable and their God not the American God. Some years later he gave approval to action initiating the segregation of Japanese children in the San Francisco public schools. The AFL convention in 1914 urged "the enactment of such legislation that will do away with the abhorrent condition of the employment of white women by Asiatics under any condition" in the western states. During its first sixty years, the AFL opposed all Asiatic immigration and sought severe restriction of European immigration.

American Negroes, too, historically had received an unfriendly reception from the AFL. For a half-century, segregated unions have been accepted for affiliation. In 1905 Gompers threatened that Negroes who worked in struck plants would cause "a race hatred far worse than any ever known" because "Caucasian civilization would not tolerate interference with its uplifting process." At the 1917 AFL convention, a resolution denouncing Negro discrimination was rejected, and an amendment accepting Negro second class citizenship was adopted.

As for political action, the AFL efforts until 1948 were not very impressive. True, the AFL lobbied for legislation essential to its immediate welfare, but its efforts to cause its membership to "reward friends" and "punish enemies" were always sporadic, poorly financed affairs, lacking a full-time organization on all union levels, and responding to

specific governmental attacks with only minor vigor.

However, the formation of Labor's League for Political Education in 1948 showed that the AFL's political adolescence, albeit unusually prolonged, was not permanent. The trauma of the 1929 depression, the challenge posed by the CIO and its lively political action, the legislative jolts in the 1940's of the Smith-Connolly Act and the Taft-Hartley Act, a post-war flood of state right-to-work laws, and the Republican victory of 1952 with the consequent appointment of businessmen to some of labor's cherished government jobs, finally legitimized political activity as a major AFL interest. The technique employed, i.e., pressure politics, was the well established Gompers policy; but the way that policy was applied after 1948 is notably different in degree. Seriously-financed and continuously-maintained local committees were operated by many unions for political work. Further, the AFL accepted the necessary corollary to such action, i.e., since the trade union vote by itself is too small to secure an election victory, an appeal must be made to people outside the union fold. Thus, the AFL began to lobby for a program also desired by unorganized labor, a program suggesting social purposes larger than the mere attainment of union security. Today, the new federation seeks such reforms as expanded social security coverage, civil rights, slum clearance, low-cost housing, federal aid to education and equitable taxation. The AFL learned much in the way of pressure group techniques from the more politically experienced CIO, and the merger will provide further enrichment for C.O.P.E., the AFL-CIO's political adjunct.

It is inevitable that the new union movement on a national level will seek to use its increased power within the Democratic party. For a half century a liaison has existed between trade unionism and the Democratic party. Such a tradition inevitably tends to perpetuate itself. Organized labor's effort to get its membership to back the Democratic party also is compatible with

the political identification of many minority groups well noted for their attachment to the Democratic party. Some examples of minority peoples who are strong Democratic party supporters and who are sizeably represented in certain unions are the Irish in the teamsters unions, transport workers, and building trades, the Jews and Italians in the needle trades, the Irish and Italians in the textile industries, and the Poles and Slavs in the steel and coal industries. Negroes, who are much in evidence in organized basic industries like meatpacking, coal, steel, automobile and rubber, have also become Democratic voters since FDR's first term. Several types of relationships between unionism and the Democratic party will occur in different places and at different times. These will include endorsing candidates, financial support of candidates and the party, influencing the platform and the selection of primary candidates, and assuming control of the party organization. Some people argue that unionism's increasing relationship with the Democratic party will finally give labor the dominant voice in that party. Even if union leaders favored such an objective, it seems likely that the professional politicians and anti-labor elements within the Democratic party are strong enough and clever enough to prevent such an outcome.

In view of the AFL-CIO being unable to take control of the Democratic party, what possibility is there for a labor party? Certainly, the pragmatic philosophy and the business unionism of labor officialdom, plus the significant influence of Roman Catholicism within the union movement, together militate against any such immediate development. The all important eight man executive committee of the AFL-CIO has four Roman Catholics, George Meany, Matthew Woll, James Carey and David McDonald, who would object to a labor party and socialism on grounds of religious principle.* It is

not a purpose of the labor merger to form an independent political party. A labor-supported third party has been traditionally regarded as heresy not only by the AFL but by the CIO as well, and not only by Catholics but by Protestants and many Jewish union leaders too. In line with this tradition, today's union leaders believe in pressure politics as the soundest adaptation to the realities of American politics. The Marxists have been the customary proponents of an American labor party, but Communist leadership is now adrift from the mainstream of American labor, and the disintegration of Socialism from its strong position before World War I, is a striking sociological phenomenon. Today, it seems almost incomprehensible that Max Hayes, Socialist leader and International Typographical Union officer, received as many as one third of the votes cast at the 1912 AFL convention in opposing Gompers for the presidency.

Certain reasons for hostility to a third party are keenly felt but not commonly expressed by the union leaders. For example, many leaders have had a lifetime of struggle and have now gained a very comfortable material niche. At this point, they do not want to risk undertaking any new and major activity that might rebound to their personal disadvantage. They fear, too, that the existence of a labor party would sever the dependence of union members on their leadership, and would cause the workers to substitute a new brand of labor politician for their present benefactors. The current leaders are also critical of a labor party for a somewhat more subtle reason. These men have matured within a powerful capitalist society, and they have become imbued with more of the social philosophy of capitalism than they themselves consciously realize.

If union leadership does not believe in a labor party, is it possible that simply a governmental blow to unions will awaken the leadership to the need of representation by their own political party? This surely was the case in Britain when the Taff-Vale deci-

* For a discussion of the conservative influence of Roman Catholicism on the American trade union movement, see my paper "The Catholic Church and the Political Development of American Trade Unions: 1900-1918," *The Industrial and Labor Relations Review*, Summer 1951.

sion of 1901 fined a railway union \$80,000 for financial losses the railroad suffered during a strike. American labor history, however, suggests that labor leaders in this country will take far more punishment than the British without resorting to a third party. For disobeying the courts' anti-boycott ruling in the Buck Stove and Range decision in 1906, Gompers and other AFL officers were given a fine and prison sentence. In the Danbury Hatters case of 1913, the union members were compelled to pay \$220,000 to the Loewe Hat Company because of losses the company suffered during a boycott. The Smith-Connolly Act of 1943 provided criminal penalties if strikes occurred in government held plants. Finally the Taft-Hartley Act of 1947 outlawed the closed shop and reintroduced government labor injunctions. Yet these various court decisions and laws did not drive union leadership to found a labor political party.

Since unions turn more to politics during depression times, would a severe depression bring forth a labor political party? At such a time, union leadership would probably seek to channel workers' economic insecurity into support of New Deal Democrats. Union leaders have pleasant memories indeed of the pass keys they had to the back door of the White House during the FDR era. They would look hopefully toward another such situation, rather than run the risk that a labor party would draw off votes from the Democrats and possibly assure a Republican victory for many Congressional seats and for the Presidency.

Does all this mean that the existing two parties are America's final step in political evolution and that this nation is immune to the historical developments which have elsewhere produced democratic labor parties? In a democracy, a new political party arises whenever there crystallizes a permanent dissatisfaction with the existing parties. When people go through the motion of voting but find that this does not produce the legislative ends they seek, they will experience political frustration and eventually lose faith in the established forms they have followed.

However, man is not entirely rational, and will often fail to understand the true causes of his problems. He can retain an emotional identification with a party that does not function for his benefit. But he can also be weaned from such an emotional attachment by a steady presentation of objective reality. Labor assumes that the worker, when politically educated and stimulated, will recognize his self-interest and vote in accordance with his real identity and needs. By his so doing, labor further supposes that such enlightened voting will also be consonant with labor's political goals. Simply put, it is to every worker's benefit that there be a strong, free trade union movement protecting the nation's living standards, increasing purchasing power, and organizing the unorganized. It is to every worker's benefit to have social security, civil rights, full employment, equality of education, and health protection. The average person will find himself a supporter of labor's political goals because they are socially good goals. But will it be possible to achieve such goals when the Republican party is controlled by big business and the Democratic party has to compromise with its conservative elements?

If the unions succeed after a number of years in increasing the political awareness of their members, it is possible that principles will become too meaningful for these members to tolerate politicians who lack them. In short, unionism's stimulation of its membership to greater political participation may eventually cause these members to recognize that it is extremely difficult, sometimes impossible, for them to get what they want from the two major political parties. For example, which one of the two parties offers a civil rights program that the Negro and any friend of the Negro can enthusiastically endorse? The Republican party is hostile toward the social service state but will the Roman Catholic elements, the northern city machine bosses, and the southern Democrats allow the Democratic party to legislate federal aid for education and health insurance? In fact, since 1947, both Republican and Democratic Congresses have

failed to give the trade union movement the security it seeks through repeal of the Taft-Hartley Law.

In the long run, politically astute workers may begin to wonder if the political functioning of trade unions as a pressure group on the two major parties is not essentially a negative approach for securing a progressive Congress. The defeat of objectionable candidates is relieving to labor, but such successes do not in themselves produce progressive legislation, policies, and appointments. It is also important that the winning candidate should be a consistent friend of labor. It may one day occur to labor's millions that Congressmen who belong to parties responsible to groups critical of organized labor are not free to serve labor adequately. Eventually politically educated Americans may doubt the wisdom of anticipating aid from parties obligated to groups with different goals from their own. It took working people many years to conclude that they

needed a union organization of their own to increase their bargaining power with their employers; it now remains to be seen whether greater political interest and insight will ultimately lead them to the conviction that they need a political organization of their own to protect and effectively advance their interests.

For the present, however, most union members, like most Americans, are more concerned about their immediate personal and family problems—even about the ball scores—than about politics. The resiliency of American capitalism makes a labor party discussion seem academic to workers. Since today's labor leaders are opposed to a labor party, the formal character of the political education brought to the rank and file will not make for conversion to labor party sentiment. The long range consequences, however, of increasing workers' political interest and thinking may be the founding of a new political party is not beyond possibility.



Exodus

RUTH VODICKA

P o e m s

VIGIL

By EUNICE GRABO

The apple tree is black and brittle now,
The deathless sky flings down a whirl of sleet
On countless ice-incrusted twigs that beat
Out rhythms to the cowed night's silent vow:
A promise to subdue, and to endow
The flesh with quiet rapture, bitter-sweet,
A momentary trance, where thoughts retreat;
A lone red leaf still strains against the bough.
The barren night, the vast and frost-cold hush
Hint not of your returning; the red leaf
But wills a strange, remembered unity
With earth; I know you shall return to brush
My mind with bright forgetfulness of grief—
Or I shall go where longing waits for me.

NOAH

By DAVID IGNATOW

He must wade out to a high point
And build an ark of the trees,
Take two of each kind of happiness,
And send out a pigeon that shall not return,
After the bubbling shriek of the drowned;
It shall land upon a faithful rock.
God of his crying shall have made
The flood subside. He shall emerge
Upon earth, brown for grief of its dead,
And know no better than before,
Save there is a promise to cling to
When the floods rise.

POINT OF VIEW

By WILLIAM BITTNER

The day swings up and away from me—
Gilded rays in a grimy atmosphere—
As I walk home, alone on a westbound street,
Facing an orange sun, one sun-breadth in the
air.
Two physical phenomena, we size each other
up,
The sun, glaring through autumn haze, and I
Like an aquatic acrobat, running on a ball
That spins beneath me in Einstein's private sea.
I push the earth beneath me with my feet
Until I roll Manhattan up between us;
But for a block I was the motor of the universe
Or else a squirrel running in a cage.

ECHOES

By PAUL G. ANNES

Temporal, on paper—
A chapel on a boat;
A moment's oblivion or sleep.
Awakening, the cheeks a little moist,
On each side a line, marking the years.
Echoes of hymnal song;
Reverie of latent vision.
The paper, the recall . . .
Again, the short, sharp, silent sobs,
The eye-mist and the void.

After the day, the night—
When planets meet . . . yea more,
The glow before the rendezvous.
Then sovereign, a minority of One,
Each one resumes its sidereal course;
And still the gleam of after-glow.

The stars are young—
Morpheus will balm you, prepare you
For the morrow and the night to follow
Without glow or gleam, only a remembered
light,
Until the phase returns.
Memory and hope, another word for living.

PRO MEMORIA

By SELWYN S. SCHWARTZ

In memento, speared of broken sun
Madonnas succumb in coma;
Metallic and magnetic, bloom
The areas of pogroms;

And graves, foreclosed in sadness
On unexpired horizons
Under the rented blue
Above the basic green.

In a corner's hole, Moment
In odd directions conspires its myopia,
As soldiers in volume of harm
Bulk in ignominious volley.

Here, in choked season, the bronzed sun
Breaks through this stripped circus
(The Messiah somehow remains)
And blinds each stone of God's will.

The Jewish Historian and Source Material

By MOSES A. SHULVASS

I

THE MODERN HISTORIAN, taught to conduct his investigations of the past methodically, knows that his work has to pass three clearly defined stages before he will be able to get solid results. He has to collect his source material, analyze it critically, and then paint a picture of his subject. The experienced historian considers all three stages equally vital to his task. But while he is the "master" of the second and third stages of his work, he is dependent on luck and a variety of other factors for the first stage of his work: the assembling of the source material.

It is not easy to define the term "source" as far as the historian is concerned. To be sure, practically everything which has survived from the past can serve as source material, shreds of ancient pottery as well as highly sophisticated modern diplomatic correspondence. However, not everything can be considered valid source material, sound enough to serve as a basis for scholarship in the field of historiography. Because of this limitation a new branch of knowledge has grown and become the most important auxiliary science to the historian. This branch of historiography attempts, as far as possible, to discover the rules and lines along which to evaluate the reliability of what appears to be source material. It also attempts, and of course with much more success, to establish rules of classification for the numerous and varied types of remnants of the past.

The "Science of the Sources" is a relatively young discipline. In the Middle Ages it was practically unknown, since those times had a simple criterion which made it quite superfluous. The historians, who were mostly monks or priests, considered as true

all which had the "imprimatur" of the Church. Many tales and fantastic stories which originated in the rich folklore were universally accepted as scholarly truth.

The last two centuries, with their emphatic turn to rationalism, brought about a great change in the attitude of scholars toward historical sources. With this change came the emergence of modern historiography. It is obvious that in this field too, the invention of the printing press was of great significance. By the publication of documents and other historical writings, it became possible for the first time to compare the different sources pertaining to a single event. The comparison of sources is, of course, the decisive means for an evaluation of their truth. Gradually a criterion for such evaluation was developed—a "public opinion poll" began to operate among scholars as to the value of old chronicles and documents, and the way was open to a critical investigation of the past, its actions and its motives.

II

Historical source material is, by its nature, of great variety. Not all sources may serve as material for the investigation of the whole past of mankind or that of a specific nation. Archeology and pre-historical study, for example, consider the millions of shreds and other material remnants of the past, their main source for the reconstruction of the past; written sources are, because of their scarcity, of minor importance. By contrast the written word is the main channel through which knowledge of more "modern" periods in history reaches us. There are, nevertheless, great differences between the written sources used by the student of antiquity and those used by the historian of the nearer past. The student of antiquity

can penetrate the past only by intensive reading of the ancient literature of the different nations. He finds documents only in very limited numbers. The documents begin to grow in number only when we approach the Middle Ages.

The average historian prefers documents to other reports coming from the past. While an authored report on a certain political or social phenomenon is always colored by the personal bias or sympathy of its author, the document represents a more objective report, true "raw material" out of which the historian can recapture the past in the form closest to the actual occurrence. The aftermath of the two world wars, for example, revealed an enormous number of diaries, in which the authors not only tried to tell us what happened, but attempted also to explain causation and assign guilt for their outbreak. But only those reports which will be corroborated by the cold-blooded language of the documents (once these are available in their totality) will have the validity of true descriptions. Of course, the historian will never reject even a biased source. His duty is to approach the sources without prejudice and to peel off "layer" after "layer" until he reaches the grain of truth hidden in them, sometimes unwittingly by their authors.

III

The lot of the historian who devotes himself solely to the investigation of the historical sources and their veracity is a hard one. His progress is very slow. Consequently, most of the publication of critical editions of old chronicles and documents is done by public institutions, academies or universities. Synthetic work, or the exploit of the material and its reproduction in the form of a narrative, is more often undertaken by the individual historian. To a certain degree it is permissible to state that many western countries have "nationalized" their research in, and publication of, their historical sources.

The systematic work begun in Europe

some two hundred and fifty years ago resulted in the publication of huge collections of sources. Nevertheless, the task is still far from complete. The first steps in this direction were taken by the French scholar Mabillon (1632-1707), when he published his work *De re diplomatica*. In this treatise, he created a method of critical evaluation of official documents. He then utilized his own findings and began to collect and publish documents pertaining to the history of the Catholic monastic orders and to the general history of France, Germany, and Italy. Later times saw the creation of the *Monumenta Germaniae Historica*, containing the most important chronicles, documents and laws of the German Empire during the Middle Ages. The Muratori collection contains sources for the history of Italy; and the Migne collection, the Greek and Latin writings of the early leaders of Christianity. The systematic publication of the documents of the Popes was undertaken several decades ago. The importance of this publication can not be over-estimated in view of the role played by the Church before the Reformation, and afterwards, both in religious and in secular matters.

As far as the sources of American history are concerned, the scholar is in a much better position. The American past reaches back only to the seventeenth century. At that time the number of people who had some degree of education was already great enough so that no event of significance went unrecorded. Records written in one or another form by individuals were properly matched by official records which well-organized government agencies turned out in growing numbers. Consequently we are in possession of an enormous variety of official records, both from the colonial period and that of the post-Revolutionary war. The Federal Government and the authorities of the different states have been systematically publishing such a large variety of official documents that it is quite impossible to give even a sample listing of them here. The interested reader should be referred to works such as the *Harvard Guide to American History*.

Governmental concern with the fate of historical sources has resulted, in recent years, in effective legislation to prevent their destruction and to insure their proper preservation in public archives. Governments also render a great service to the historian by publishing from time to time guides to these archives. These facilitate the practical use of the millions of documents safeguarded in thousands of archival depots all over the world.

IV

These remarks, which touch the problem of the historical sources only slightly, show sufficiently the hardships and perplexities which the historian encounters when he prepares to do the "first step" in the area of his research. This is as far as general historiography is concerned. However, it becomes increasingly complicated when one tries to assemble the source material necessary for research in Jewish history. It is easy to discover the principal difficulty. While the history of most nations is, for all practical purposes, identical with a specific and limited geographic area, Jewish history deals with events occurring on all five continents. The idea has been frequently advanced that each Jewish community should solve the problem of source material locally and then proceed to the systematic publication of all material. However, one must not overlook the fact that stability is not one of the characteristics of the Jewish past. On the contrary, if there is a definite trend in our Jewish past, it is a pattern of eternal mobility, voluntary or involuntary. Consequently, it often happens that a country with a great Jewish past contains today only a small number of Jews, who, quite naturally, are unable to produce the scholars needed for this subtle and consuming task. There is no reason to complain about German Jewry's accomplishments in this field before its destruction by the Nazis or even about the achievements of Polish-Jewish scholars. However, matters are quite different and very unsatisfactory as far as France, Italy and particularly Spain are concerned. In these

countries, there were simply not enough Jews to produce scholars in sufficient numbers for the undertaking of real work in this vital and difficult field of Jewish scholarship. It is therefore obvious that we are still at the very beginnings in collecting, editing and publishing of even the most important sources in Jewish history.

To be sure, what has been done so far is not without significance. Most of the known chronicles dealing either with the general history of the Jewish people or with local history have been published. Some of these chronicles have been published more than once, and some are available in fine critical editions. Also, many important documents bearing on the history of the Jews have been published by individual scholars. There were even attempts made, notably in Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia, to systematically publish some of the important sources. In more recent years, similar attempts have been made in Israel.

The Jewish community in the United States also made several attempts at the publication of the records of its past. In fact, we have three important institutions which have made it their task to preserve and publish as many of the sources to the history of the Jews in America as possible: the American Jewish Historical Society, the American Jewish Archives and the Yivo Institute for Jewish Research.

The American Jewish Historical Society was the pioneer in this field. Founded in 1892, the Society began to collect congregational records, family papers, correspondence and other documents pertaining to the history of the Jews in the United States and in other parts of the Americas. In the more than sixty years of its existence, the Society has succeeded in saving priceless material which otherwise would have perished. The Society possesses today extensive source collections which are essential to the student of our past in this country. It has also published quite a number of important papers and documents in the 44 volumes of its *Publications*.

The American Jewish Archives, organized

by the Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati, came into the picture at a much later date. During the eight years of its existence, it has achieved remarkable results in its endeavor to establish a center for research in the history of the Jews in America. It has received, stored and listed records of hundreds of congregations in all parts of the country as well as much material from individuals. In addition it has helped the historian considerably by publishing lists of its acquisitions in its semi-annual publication.

Important material is also being collected by the Yivo Institute for Jewish Research in New York. Founded in 1924 in Vilna, Poland, mainly as an institute for research in the history and culture of Ashkenazic Jewry (i.e. Franco-German Jewry and its ramifications), this organization through its American branch also became active in the field of research in American Jewish history. In the 1940's, when the plans of the Nazis with regard to the Jews in Europe became known, the American branch of the Yivo Institute took over a number of activities hitherto conducted by the Institute in Vilna. When World War II came to an end, the American branch quite naturally became the heir to the full program of research conducted before the war in Vilna.

Once the Institute was reestablished in New York, it began for obvious reasons, to pay more attention to the Jewish community in this country. By promoting research in various aspects of Jewish life here, the Yivo Institute has been giving the Jewish community that assistance which social research gives to a specific community in its daily endeavors. And so the archives of the Yivo Institute undertook to augment the collection of material on the history of the Jewish community in this country. It is also quite natural that the Yivo Institute has shown special interest in the records pertaining to the last two generations when eastern European Jews became the dominant group in American Jewish life. However, the Yivo Institute also devotes much of its time and effort to the preservation of source material

belonging to earlier periods in the history of America's Jewish community.

During the past fifteen years, the Yivo has increased the amount of historical source material in its publication. Special reference should be made to the impressive collection of *Source material on the History of Jewish Immigration to the United States, 1800-1880*, selected and edited by Dr. Rudolph Glanz in vol. 6 (1951) of the *Yivo Annual of Jewish Social Science*. Still most of what was done has the character of incidental work, of things planned, begun, but never completed.

V

There is no doubt, however, that Jewish scholars, as well as intelligent lay leaders, are now much more conscious of the necessity of taking stock of the source material in Jewish history scattered all over the world and, eventually, making it available for solid research in our past. The destruction of European Jewry, with its tremendous treasures of Jewish culture, and the exodus of numerous Jewish communities from Asia and Africa to Israel, rendered large parts of the world "Judenrein" areas. It is no longer a problem of merely editing and publishing the sources. It is now rather a problem of saving what has survived the Hitler holocaust.

These rather negative stimuli are now strongly aided by the awakened historical interest of American Jewry, which has come about as a result of the Tercentenary. A similarly increased interest in our past can be noticed in Israel. The Jewish State faced within the few years of its creation such an influx of immigrants from all corners of the world that it became a real "laboratory" for Jewish social sciences. Not only did many immigrants bring invaluable old manuscripts (as, for instance, the Yemenite Jews), but they also carried with them many oral "sources," such as legends and traditions about the origins of many Jewish communities in the Diaspora, information about important events on a local level, and valuable biographical data on local leaders. There is

great hope and great possibilities in this readiness of the two largest Jewish communities in the free world to do their best for the advancement of Jewish historical research. But, if really great work is to be done, it should be done with the close cooperation of interested circles in both countries. And, of course, other Jewish communities should not be overlooked. Jewish historiography has made a courageous start in Argentina and Brazil, and has accomplished a remarkable "comeback" in France.

It seems to this writer that the best way to secure the safeguarding of source material to Jewish history and to make it available to the historian in a satisfactory way, would be to convene a World Congress of Jewish historians. The idea is not altogether new. The necessity of such a congress was realized by Jewish scholars more than twenty years ago. Perhaps such a congress would have convened if it had not been for the outbreak of World War II. On the other hand, the conclusion of the European period in our history brought about by the destruction of European Jewry, the rise of American Jewry and the establishment of the Jewish State, makes such a congress an acute necessity. While the proposed congress would have to deal with a great variety of theoretical and organizational problems in Jewish historiography, it would also have to devote much of its time to the vital question of sources, in order to remove a serious handicap to all endeavor in this field. The congress would be able to develop a method of listing Jewish sources kept in different countries by different institutions. It might organize expeditions of scholars to those countries which had flourishing Jewish communities in the past but whose Jewish source material is in process of disintegration. It is still possible to save much, especially since new photographic devices make it superfluous to copy documents. An expedition to the Caribbean Islands, recently organized and very successfully carried out by the American Jewish Archives, indicates how much more might be done by a worldwide Jewish organization.

Most of the records interesting to the historian are, happily kept in public archives and libraries. However, tremendous numbers of invaluable documents are still in private hands. These documents are always in danger of being destroyed. An individual simply does not have either the facilities or the understanding necessary for the preservation of old papers, often meaningless to him. This is especially true of Jewish documents, which are mostly written in Hebrew and scarcely understood by most of their owners. It is true that, for some time, such documents are safe because of the sentimental significance they have to their owners. However, with each new generation there is diminution of their importance to their owners, and the danger of their destruction grows. The dynamic character of American life, with American Jews moving to new homes and neighborhoods, daily puts the still existing records in great danger. It is obvious that only a scholarly body, having the strong backing of the entire Jewish community, will be able to embark upon a campaign to encourage people to dispose of their historical records by turning them over to recognized Jewish archives.

VI

Another great task of the congress for Jewish history, as far as the sources are concerned, is to make a decisive effort to turn oral tradition into written sources. People generally remember much of the past. Their memories may be nebulous; they may not be able to reproduce in words what they experienced during the times of their childhood or what they heard from their parents or grandparents, but the memory of the people has, nevertheless, recorded much for which written records have not been preserved. There are, among the approximately twenty per cent of American Jews born abroad, people stemming from thousands of small towns and communities. To encourage them to communicate their local traditions in written form, is the only opportunity to save a great deal of what it is possible to know of our past in the Old World. These

people should not only be encouraged to write or dictate to others their memories, they should be taught how to do it, and there should be enthusiastic men and women ready to do the work on a voluntary basis. Later, trained historians will be able to "squeeze out" the grain of truth of those reports or answers to questionnaires.

The task of transferring oral tradition into written sources is of special importance for the saddest period in our history, the bloody years from 1933 to 1945. The tragic experiences of condensed horror caused many people to put down what they have seen. A great deal has been published. These are documents of great value and first class sources for the psychology of a nation in the process of extinction. But what has been written is still only a small fraction of what was seen and experienced by the survivors. Each piece of evidence is important from the internal Jewish point of view. It will help make it possible for us to understand and describe to ourselves what really happened. Again, it is important, in view of the growing tendency of many Germans to minimize what happened, to make their crimes appear less cruel. This is not an easy task. The realization of the huge project will have to be done by scores of trained archivists and historians.

It is clear to this writer that it will not be easy to awaken the Jewish communities in this country and abroad to fulfill their duty to Jewish historiography. The daily tasks of the Jewish communal organizations are pressing. But it is also clear that, if ever, now is the time to make a great effort in this direction. American Jewry is still deeply impressed by the echoes which came to it from the past in this Tercentenary year. British Jewry, on the other hand, is now entering its own Tercentenary of the Re-admission to England. And the cry of the years 1933-1945 has not quieted down wherever the remnants of European Jewry have found refuge and tried to rebuild their life. Intelligent Jews, wherever they are, should give serious thought to the problem of

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saving the sources of our history and should do, individually and on a communal level, whatever is in their power to do. This, in turn, will encourage the so often disappointed Jewish scholars. Then we may hope that we, the most historical of all peoples, will begin to approach the status of others in the field of research in history and preservation of the records of the past.

WIND PATROL

By DONNA DICKEY GUYER

I saw the autumn leaves, frost-minted gold
Spilled carelessly in heaps upon the ground,
Like bright dream money marvelous to hold.
Who dared to let such treasure lie around

For anyone to take? I stopped one day,
A shameless robber, and I stole a look
Knowing the wind was turned the other way
And wouldn't miss the little thing I took.

Only one glimpse was all I ever stole,
A souvenir for recollection's sack,
And then I left because the wind patrol
Across the lake was on its journey back.

Take autumn's gold? Oh, no, that was a crime
I left to quick, light-fingered hands of Time.



Hebrew Book Plate

YEDIDIAH SHLOMO SEELNFREUND

A Day of Learning

By BERNARD A. HERBERT

THE NIGHT before his first day of school, the boy could not sleep. He tried not to toss on the mattress and waken his grandfather. But once, when he rolled over, the bedsprings sagged and his grandfather's head rose from the pillow.

"You are not sleeping?" The old man whispered the words, but they came out from deep in his chest and seemed to vibrate through the bedroom.

The boy lay still, eyes shut, and pretended he was sleeping. In the darkness he could sense the stare of the old man's eyes, and he could hear his grandfather's beard brush across the pillow like the scratching of a stiff broom. The boy tried not to blink his eyelids.

"You are awake?"

The boy knew he was not deceiving the old man, but it was fun to feign slumber and he was sure his grandfather was smiling in the dark.

"Such a good sleeper, like a little angel," the old man said. "When I was a boy in Europe, I wish I could sleep like that."

The boy's shoulders twitched, and his upper teeth bit into his lower lip to keep his mouth from laughing.

"He is so lucky." The old man sighed, and the bristles of his beard tickled the boy's ear. The boy wriggled under the bedcovers and snuggled closer to the warmth of his grandfather's body.

"In Europe when they send me to school, I did not sleep for two nights." The old man sighed again, and it sounded like the moan of the cool autumn wind outside the bedroom window. "I was so afraid. Afraid of school. Afraid of teachers. Afraid of other children. Something else I was afraid of, too; I was afraid of myself. If you did not sleep so good I would not say this, but since you sleep—such a good, good sleep—it will still be a secret when you wake up."

The boy choked back a giggle and squeezed his eyelids tight.

"Yah, I was afraid of myself," the old man went on. "I was afraid because I was so little and the school was so big. I was afraid I would get lost in the building and be swallowed up

like a little peanut in an elephant's belly. And who wants to be a peanut in an elephant's belly?"

The boy's mouth opened to laugh, and he remembered just in time to shape his lips into a silent yawn.

"Are you awake?" the old man asked, and the boy shook his head and then realized he had spoiled his sham. But this was only a game, he thought, and a game can continue even if one of the players makes a small mistake.

"If you were awake, I would not tell you this." The old man's arm went around the boy's shoulder. "I would not tell you I was afraid of the teachers because I had heard that they were very smart and knew many things and I did not know how to write my first name, even. The other children told me that the teachers would bite off a boy's ears if he did not learn his lessons. And who wants to be a little boy without ears?"

His grandfather's hand slid up the boy's arm and a pair of wide fingers tweaked the boy's ear. The boy pulled back and turned away from his grandfather; this way, the old man would be unable to see that his grandchild's eyes were opened and that his lips were split into a broad grin.

The old man said, "Oh, did I wake you? I hope I did not wake you up. It would be a shame to wake up such a wonderful, wonderful sleeper. I did not sleep like that when they sent me to school. I was afraid that the other boys would laugh at me if I did not learn my lessons. Most of them were bigger than me and I was afraid they might hit me, too. I was afraid that the little girls would whisper and tease me, like a bunch of pussycats playing with a mouse. And what mouse would want to play with a bunch of pussycats?"

This time, the wide fingers grazed along the boy's neck and the fingernails gently scraped his skin like blunt sheathed claws. The boy's shoulder jerked up involuntarily and it pinned the old man's fingers against the side of the boy's head.

"Oh, I cannot get my hand loose," the old man said. "I wish this boy would wake up and

let go of my fingers. He is so strong I cannot pull them out. Oh well, I will wait a little while and maybe he will stop hurting me. My fingers hurt so much." The old man groaned. "They hurt almost as much as my stomach hurt when I went to school; everything inside me was tied like a knot. My ears hurt too, when I thought about the teachers. My back hurt when I thought about the other children. And my chest hurt—inside—when I thought about how much I was afraid. And do you know what?"

"What?" the boy asked, and then clamped his lips together; the old man had tricked him into answering. But his grandfather did not seem to notice, and the boy pressed his shoulder into the old man's fingers, trying to flatten them against the side of his head.

"Everything hurt me so much," the old man said, "and I had not even gone to school yet. Can you imagine that?"

Now the boy did not respond to the question, and after a moment the old man went on.

"Can you imagine? I had not yet seen the inside of the school nor the teachers nor the children, and I was suffering already. I was such a foolish boy; I had never seen a child with his ears bitten off by a teacher, or a group of children which didn't have good boys and good girls as well as bad ones. And I had been in much larger buildings than the school; never had I been swallowed up like a peanut in an elephant's belly. I was such a foolish boy. And do you know why?"

"Why?" The boy released his grandfather's fingers and sat up on the bed; the game was over now and the boy was serious; this was the answer he wanted to know.

His grandfather's head was resting on the pillow, and in the darkness the boy could see that his eyes were closed. His beard moved on the bedcovers as the old man spoke in his normal bass voice, which rumbled in his chest.

"I was foolish because there was nothing to be afraid of except what I had thought in my mind; I was afraid of what I was thinking; I was afraid of myself. And why should a boy be afraid of himself? I did not fear my own hands; they could not hurt me. I did not fear my own legs; they could not kick me. And I knew I would not bite myself, even if I had fleas like a dog. So there was nothing to be afraid of, and here I was afraid; it was so silly I laughed to myself. And after I laughed, I was no longer afraid and I went to school."

The old man's beard slid up and down on the bedcovers, as though he was nodding his head. The boy thought the closed eyes were going to open, and he threw himself back on the pillow.

"If you were awake," the grandfather said, "I would ask you to look at my ears and see what happened; they were not bitten off. If you were not sleeping, I would ask you to look at me; I was not swallowed by an elephant. And if you could not sleep tonight, I would tell you what I did the night before my first day of school: when I found out that I was only afraid of myself and was able to laugh about it, I got under the covers of my bed—" the boy's grandfather was whispering again "—and pulled them up over my chest—" he tugged the bedcovers over the boy's shoulders and tucked them around his body "—and I put my head on my pillow—" his palm smoothed the boy's hair "—and I closed my eyes—" his voice was a low sigh of breath next to the boy's ear "—and I went . . . to . . . sleep."

The boy waited and, when his grandfather did not speak again, he rolled over on his side. His grandfather's eyes were still closed but he was not breathing as regularly as when he slept; his chest was moving up and down too fast. The boy wanted to play more of this sleeping game, and he tapped the old man's arm. But his grandfather snored loudly, louder than he usually snored, so loud that the old man's eyes quivered. The boy knew his grandfather was not sleeping, and he tapped his arm again. This time the boy's grandfather snored like an elephant when it raises its trunk and curls it above its head. The snore seemed to bounce off the walls and rattle the windows. The boy knew his grandfather wanted to sleep now, and he slid away from the old man. As he did, he glanced at the lips under the black beard; they were quivering like his grandfather's eyes, and the boy knew he was struggling not to smile. The old man snored once more.

The boy stretched on his back and sank his head deep into the softness of the pillow. Outside the window, the night was black and yet there was enough light to see; enough light to see, the boy thought, even though it looks black.

And soon the blackness faded into another darkness that was darker than the night, and he slept.

The next morning, the wind blew across the sidewalks and sent bits of paper skittering into the streets. But the sun shone on the pavements and warmed the wind, and brightened the bits of paper until they looked like confetti that welcomed the children to school. Ahead of the boy there were cherry-red coats and turf-green plaid jackets and autumn-brown corduroy trousers and royal-blue skirts and patent-leather shoes. And the wind puffed out the cloth coats and pressed in the seams of the

trousers and fluttered the hems of the skirts while the sun gleamed on the colors until they looked like a fresh-made patchwork quilt flowing toward the school. And the patent-leather shoes glinted quick streaks of light as they walked into the playground behind the main entrance.

Here, the high rusty-brick walls shadowed the children and dulled the brightness of their clothing. Most of the boys and girls wore new jackets and coats. The little boy was ashamed of his old blue serge trousers and worn jacket. But the other children did not notice and then he didn't really mind; his clothes were warm enough. Many children came without their parents and the boy admired their self-reliance; he could have crossed the streets alone too; he wished his grandfather would permit him to do so. But it was good to hold the old man's hand; it was like bringing a piece of his own home to the school.

Some of the children knew each other, and played games of tag and hide-and-seek while they waited for the metal-and-glass doors to open; the boy wished he had a few friends with whom to play. He watched several boys playing tag, and he laughed when they laughed. When they broke into an argument about who-had-tagged-who, he almost joined in because he was sure he knew. He saw other children standing with their parents and then he felt a little better. He looked at his grandfather, and saw that the old man was looking down at him.

His grandfather had not mentioned the sleeping-game of last night, and the boy wished the old man would say something encouraging now. His grandfather was staring down, his eyes neither soft nor hard; his voice sounded almost like a stranger's as he said, "Now I must leave you. Behave, and listen to the teachers. Learn; above all, you must learn. And do not be afraid. I will come back after school and take you home."

The old man's mouth opened as though he wanted to say something else, but he turned around abruptly and walked away with long fast strides. He did not look back.

The boy was alone; with all the children playing and laughing and shrieking around him, the boy was lonelier than he had ever been before. When his father had died he had been lonely in his small apartment, but his mother was there to comfort and love him. And when his mother had died and he'd lived in rooms which were empty, at least his grandfather had sheltered and protected him. Now, there was nothing except the shadowed playground that grew darker under the high brick walls which looked higher when the metal-

and-glass doors swung open and gaped at him like a twin-headed monster.

A whistle trilled a shrill warbling note and an iron bell clanged like a fire engine. The children stopped playing and faced the whistle, which was held by a tall woman with thick-lensed glasses and a red-painted mouth that snapped like the jaws of an animal trap as she called to the children. The boy stepped back into the darkest corner of the playground, behind an open glass door, where he could not see the enlarged eyes and crimsoned lips of the teacher.

"All first grade children over here," the woman teacher shouted. Some of the boys and girls filtered through the crowd and gathered near the teacher. She counted their heads, and then looked around the playground. "One boy is missing."

She asked the name of each child near her, and checked off their answers on a square of white paper. Then she looked around again. "Abraham Cohen. Is Abraham Cohen here?"

The children turned to each other and some of them looked at the boy behind the door.

"That little boy by the door, are you Abraham Cohen?" Her lips twisted like a scarlet snake over her chin. She was standing on her toes now, as though her increased height would give her greater vision.

All the children were staring at the boy, and he came out from behind the door.

The teacher said again, "Are you Abraham Cohen?"

The boy nodded and stood still.

"Well, come over here." She frowned when the boy did not move. "Don't you understand English?"

The boy nodded once more and looked down at his shoes. His feet would not move although he willed them to walk to the teacher. His knees seemed locked in place, although they trembled a bit. And even his heart seemed to have stopped beating, although he could hear it pounding in his ears.

The teacher came over to him and the other children made a circle around them, and the boy felt like a caged animal in a zoo. If there had been an opening in the circle he would have dashed right through it, for now his feet wanted to move; they wanted to run all the way home. But there was no escape from this woman whose red mouth writhed above him and who wore a wide leather belt around her waist like a policeman.

"Abraham, I'm talking to you. Don't you understand English?" she repeated. "Answer me." The last words were spoken sharply.

The boy focused his eyes on the black leather belt; he could not look up at that red

mouth. "I understand a little English."

He heard some of the children giggle; then more children giggled. The teacher said "Oh" at the same time; the boy barely heard her; she had inhaled the word instead of exhaling it. The boy looked up and saw that the red lips were shaped into an oval. Her eyes were very large in the eyeglass lenses. And then she stooped down to his level and she was no longer a giant or a policeman; she was a woman who was smiling kindly. Even the red lips looked pinker and softer, certainly not like the jaws of an animal trap. And there was a smell of perfume around her.

The other children were still giggling, but the teacher said to the boy, in a low voice, "I'm sorry, Abraham." Then she straightened and turned to the children. The perfume remained behind her.

The boy's fear was gone; it left so suddenly that it surprised him; for a moment he couldn't remember why he had been afraid; he seemed to have lost something and didn't care because it had no value.

The teacher told the children to stop giggling, and her voice was sharp again. They quieted into a silent mass of white faces over a circle of color: red coats and green jackets and brown trousers and blue skirts. Then the teacher took Abraham's hand and led him to the stairs where she had called him. This time his feet moved so willingly he was hardly aware of walking; his body seemed to float through the circle of children and colors as it gave way before the teacher.

She placed the first grade boys and girls into a single file, according to height, and the little boy was put in the front because he was the shortest child.

The teacher said to him, "Abraham, can you read numbers?"

"A little," he said. His neck cramped as he looked up at the teacher. She was smiling, and her teeth were very white and even. She wasn't a young woman, but she looked younger to the boy than she had looked before.

She said, "Could you read a number that said one-five-oh?"

"Maybe," the boy said.

"Do you know which way is right and which way is left?"

"This is right," he said, and raised his right arm.

"That's right," the teacher said. "Abraham, I want you to lead this class up to the first floor, and turn right, and take them to the room that's marked one-five-oh. Can you do that?"

"I think so," the boy said. His neck was aching now; the teacher's face was so high.

"Very well. I have to speak to the other children out here. You may lead the class now, Abraham."

The boy walked up the steps and through the open doorway which had seemed like a monster's head, but now it was merely a doorway; metal-and-glass instead of wood-and-brass, but only a doorway. Inside, there was a smell of fresh paint and chalk dust and paper-paste and he heard the feet of the children scuffling on the stairs behind him. The children were excited and happy. He was happy too, the boy realized; he was leading the children. There was nothing to fear in this school.

The boy led the class to the first floor and halted on the landing. He looked back and saw the children struggling up. He waited and, when they had closed into a compact line, he turned to the right and walked along a high tile-walled hall. He passed several rooms and read the white numbers on the little blue enamel signs over the doors.

"One-four-six," he said to himself.

"One-four-eight," he said to himself.

"One-five-oh," he said to himself and, when the child in back of him—a freckle-faced girl with red hair—tapped his shoulder and said, "That's one-five-oh," the boy said loudly, "I know, I know. I can read."

Then he opened the door—the knob turned very easily—and went inside.

The basement lunchroom hummed like a hive of bumblebees, and the dishes clattered like dozens of toy machine guns. Children spilled soup and turned over milk glasses and covered the tables with crumbs and crumpled napkins and bent drinking straws. Some boys rolled the straws into wads of waxed paper and tossed them at their friends. Near the lunchroom exit a short man teacher scolded those who threw the straws. Then he went to a table and helped a little girl who had dropped a bowl of soup and had wetted her dress. The man teacher plucked out several napkins from a container and gave them to the girl. Another girl came over and pulled his jacket sleeve. When he looked at her, she motioned him to bend down. Then she whispered in his ear. The man teacher took her to a door with a sign over it, marked "G-i-r-l-s." Then he went back to the lunchroom exit. His face was a bit flushed.

The little boy watched the teacher lean against a wall and pat his forehead with a handkerchief. A wad of paper struck the boy's head; he ducked; his chin struck his milk glass; the glass rolled off the table and smashed on the floor; the table was white with milk; his chin was bleeding, and a few drops of redness fell on the white milk and stained it pink. The

boy saw a blonde boy across the table smirk and turn away. The blonde boy spoke to a neighbor and pretended he hadn't thrown the wad of paper.

The man teacher hurried over and his eyes widened when he saw the spilled milk; he looked confused and somewhat wild. Then he saw the blood on Abraham's chin, and pushed the boy's hand away from the cut. The teacher dabbed at the chin with a paper napkin his eyes were concerned.

"What happened?"

Abraham pointed at the blonde boy across the table. The teacher turned. "Did you hit him?"

"No." The blonde boy's face paled.

The teacher jammed the napkin against the cut. His eyes were anxious now. "Is he the one who did this?"

"Yes." The boy tried to nod but the teacher's hand was firm under his chin.

"I'm going to tell your teacher," the man said to the blonde boy.

"I didn't hit him," the blonde boy said.

"He did it. I saw him." The girl with red hair spoke loudly.

"I know," the man teacher said. He added, "Thank you."

Abraham's chin burned where the teacher pressed the cut. Then the teacher removed the napkin and looked at the boy's chin.

"There. It's stopped bleeding. It's only a little scratch." The man teacher moved away. "I'm going to get a band-aid. I'll be right back." He pointed at the boy's chin. "Don't rub it." He walked away swiftly, almost shoving through the older children who were now leaving the lunchroom. Some of them were as tall as the teacher. He seemed to scurry past them like a crab as he stepped sideways through the exit.

The red-headed girl squinted at Abraham's chin and said, "O-o-h."

The boy said, "It does not hurt." He did not want this girl to think he was a weakling, but his chin did hurt.

Across the table, the blonde boy said, "Tattle-tale."

The little boy fingered his chin and looked at the blonde. "I am not."

"He is not," the red-headed girl said. "You're a bad boy."

The blonde thumbed his nose. "Tattle-tale."

"He called you a tattle-tale again," the girl said.

"I am not a tattle-tale," the boy said.

"You are."

The red-headed girl said to the boy, "Why don't you hit him? He's calling you a tattle-tale."

The boy looked across the table at the blonde. The blonde made a face.

"Tattle-tale."

"Don't let him say that," the girl said. "Hit him."

"You're a tattle-tale, too," the blonde said to the girl.

"I'm not a tattle-tale," the girl said. "You're a bad boy."

"Tattle-tale."

The girl ran around the table and tried to scratch the blonde boy's face. He clutched her hands. Their fingers entwined, and they pushed and pulled. The girl ducked her head and bit the blonde boy's thumb. He screamed and yanked his hand away, and began to cry.

"Good for you," the girl said, and walked around the table to her seat. Her freckles were very brown on her white skin. "He's a bad boy," she said, looking back.

When the man teacher returned, the blonde boy was still crying. Between sobs, he sucked his thumb. The teacher looked from one boy to the other. Then he looked up at the ceiling and raised his hands and said something to himself. He seemed to be praying.

The blonde boy's cries rose to shrieks. The teacher asked him what had happened. The blonde boy shrieked again.

The red-headed girl spoke to the teacher but he turned and bent over and tore the paper wrapping from a band-aid. He fastened the adhesive strip over the cut on Abraham's chin. The girl spoke again to the teacher. "I bit that boy over there."

The teacher smoothed the edges of the band-aid. The girl shook the teacher's arm. "I said I bit that boy."

The teacher seemed deaf but he was smiling a bit, as though he thought something was funny. He said to Abraham, "How does your chin feel now?"

"It does not hurt."

"That's a big boy."

The girl said to the teacher, "I said I bit that boy over there on the thumb. I bit him hard."

But the teacher did not hear. The girl's face was an inch away from his ear and she was yelling, but he did not seem to hear a word. He just mussed Abraham's hair and walked away. He did not look at the blonde boy across the table.

The little boy touched the band-aid on his chin. The cut did not hurt much now. He glanced at the blonde boy and then at the other children near the table. They were staring at the other and some of them were smiling. One girl teased the blonde boy.

"Cry baby, cry baby."

"I'm not a cry baby." The blonde's voice was a howl.

"Cry baby, cry baby." Several children chimed in; they sang the words like a chant. The blonde punched at the teasing girl, and missed. She danced back and sang with the others, "Cry baby."

The little boy watched the children tease; none of them was looking at him. He was one of them now, he thought; he would have teased with the others if he hadn't remembered his grandfather's warning to behave.

"What's your name?" The red-headed girl asked him suddenly.

"I am Abraham Cohen."

"My name's Susan." Her forehead wrinkled. "You know, you talk funny."

"I am Jewish," the boy said.

"What's that?" the girl asked.

The boy said, "That is what I am. My grandfather is Jewish too."

"Oh," the girl said. "My grandfather is a book-maker."

"Does he make Bibles?"

"No; some other kinds of books."

"What kind?"

"I don't know. He never brings them to my house. My daddy says he makes lots of books."

"Oh," the boy said.

"My grandfather was in jail once. Was your grandfather ever in jail?"

"He was in a police station once when some bad men hit him."

"That's a jail," the girl said. "You're my friend now."

The little boy smiled. His chin did not hurt at all. The children stopped chanting as the short man teacher returned with the tall woman teacher.

"I'm glad you're here, Miss Godfrey," the man teacher said. His arm swept out in a wide gesture. "Take 'em. They're all yours. I'm going back to the gym for a rest." He left, shaking his head.

Miss Godfrey shook her head too, as she surveyed the children. She looked at every child except Abraham, and he was afraid she was thinking that he had misbehaved. But she ignored his eyes and aligned the class into two files. Then she looked at the little boy. "Abraham, take your place here." Her voice was crisp but natural. She pointed at the front of the line.

The teacher was smiling as she walked with the children to the classroom. On the stairway, the red-headed girl whispered to the boy.

"I like you a lot."

He would have liked to turn around and answer, but the teacher had cautioned them to remain silent on the stairs. He was afraid,

too, that she had heard the girl. But he would have liked to tell the redhead that he liked her very much, too. He hoped the teacher hadn't heard the girl.

In their classroom, the blonde boy pushed him as they went to their seats. "When we go home I'm gonna beat you up." His whisper sounded like a hiss.

Abraham wished the schoolbell would never ring again. He wished he could stay forever in this warm classroom, with the afternoon sun streaming through the large-paned windows and shining golden-bronze on the varnished desks and chairs. He wished he could sit here the rest of his life and listen to this wonderful teacher who knew so many things; things which even his grandfather had not told him. The boy wished that the red-headed girl, who sat in front of him, was his sister, so they could walk home together and talk as they walked. And he wished that the blonde boy would vanish; disappear like a puff of smoke in the fairy stories which the woman teacher told.

But when the schoolbell rang, the blonde boy was still there, shrugging into his jacket and shaking his fist at the smaller boy. His lips formed silent words: "I'm gonna beat you up."

The class walked down the stairs and now the boy wished he was in the rear of the line instead of in the front; he could feel the blonde boy's eyes boring into his back. When they came to the main exit, the blonde boy broke from the class and ran into the playground and shook his fist again. Some of the children walked past him, but a few remained and peered at the little boy, who stayed inside the open doors.

Other children left the building and soon it was quiet; the boy could hear the cleaning men sweeping the rooms; their brooms rapped against the iron legs of the desks.

The boy watched the street for his grandfather. The old man did not appear. And the blonde boy was still waiting as though his feet were riveted to the paving.

Someone came quickly down the hallway stairs. It was the small man teacher who taught in the gymnasium and who had tended Miss Godfrey's class during lunch.

He nodded to the boy and said, "How's your chin?" and went out the door before Abraham could answer. He stopped outside, then spun around and came back. He seemed very much in a hurry.

He asked, "Did Miss Godfrey leave?"

"Yes," the boy said.

The teacher muttered to himself and looked outside at the blonde boy. "Is that kid laying for you?"

"I do not understand what that means."

"Never mind," the teacher said. "Are you scared of him?"

The boy looked down at the floor.

"You shouldn't be scared of him. That's why he's laying for you."

Abraham said nothing. He wished his grandfather would come. He wished this teacher would leave and let him alone. He hated the school, more than he had hated it in the morning.

The teacher said, "If he wants to fight you, fight him. Show him you aren't scared; then he won't bother you. Go ahead, show him."

The boy looked up at the teacher. "He is taller than I am."

The teacher glanced at the playground. "I know what you mean; it's tough to be small." He bent over the boy. "You are afraid, aren't you?"

"Yes," the boy said.

"If the other kids see you're afraid, they'll all gang up on you."

"But I am afraid."

"Afraid of getting hurt?"

"No."

"Afraid of being scolded? I'll stay here, don't you worry about that."

"No," the boy said, although he thought that his grandfather would scold him despite the teacher if he fought with this boy.

"Are you afraid of losing?"

The boy didn't answer.

"That's what it is," the teacher said. "You don't want to lose. That's it, isn't it?"

Abraham hesitated, then he nodded.

The teacher went to the doorway. "Go right over to that kid." His voice sounded like the crack of a whip. "Do you hear me? You go over to that kid right now. Right now."

The teacher looked very stern; the little boy became more afraid of the teacher than he was of the other boy. "If you don't go out there," the teacher said, pointing, "you'll never know if you might have won instead of losing."

Abraham went past the teacher and into the playground. The teacher stepped back into the hallway and closed the doors. The blonde boy came out of the shadows in the corner of the playground. He said, "I'm gonna beat you up."

The teacher had disappeared into the building; the little boy peered through the glass-and-metal doors but all he could see was the reflection of this blonde boy beside him.

The blonde said, "You're a tattletale."

"I am not a tattletale."

"I'll punch you in the nose," the blonde boy said.

"I am not afraid of you."

"I'll break your head."

"I am not afraid of you."

The blonde said, "You made the teacher mad at me."

"You cut my chin."

"I did not; I only threw a straw at you."

"It made me cut my chin."

"But I didn't hit you," the blonde shouted.

"You hit me with the paper."

"But I didn't hit you with my hand." The blonde's voice was a scream. "You lied to the teacher."

"I meant that you hit me with the paper."

"But you only told him I hit you. He thought I hit you with my hand. Now the teacher's mad at me. It's all your fault."

"I will tell him that you did not hit me with your hand. But I am not afraid of you."

"Hey, what's going on around here?" The man teacher stepped out of the doorway as though he did not know the boys were in the playground. The little boy was puzzled; could this smart teacher have forgotten what he had said in the hallway?

"He's a liar," the blonde boy shouted.

"I did not mean to lie," the little boy said.

"I do not speak English too well. In the lunchroom I meant to say that this boy hit me with a piece of paper. He did not hit me with his hand."

"Oh, I see," the teacher said. He ran his fingers over his jaw. "I guess it was all a big misunderstanding. Okay, kid," he said, and rubbed the blonde boy's head, "I guess I had you all wrong. I'll tell Miss Godfrey in the morning."

He looked at each boy. "Why don't you two shake hands now that you have this thing straightened out?"

"I don't wanna," the blonde said.

"I will shake your hand if you will shake my hand," Abraham said.

"Come on, shake hands," the teacher said, and glanced at his watch. "I have to get home."

The little boy extended his hand. The blonde looked at the hand, and at Abraham's face, and at his hand again.

"Aw, okay," he said, and shook hands.

"Well, I'm glad that's over," the teacher said. Now he was very much in a hurry. "So long, you guys." He turned to go.

"Hey, teacher," the blonde called. "What's your name?"

"Mister Goldberg," the teacher said. He spoke to the blonde but he looked at the little boy. "I'm Mister Goldberg, the gym teacher." He walked away with his crab-like stride, shoulders swaying. He seemed to scuttle out of the playground.

The blonde said to the boy, "I wasn't gonna beat you up anyway."

"I was not afraid of you."

The blonde said, "I don't know any boys named Abraham."

"What is your name?"

"Michael."

"I am very glad to know you," the little boy said. "Michael." His tongue could not pronounce the name correctly.

"You talk different. Where do you live?"

"Henry Street."

"I live on Henry Street," Michael said. "I never seen you there."

"I do not live there long."

"Where d'you come from?"

"Europe."

"Where's that?"

"Across the ocean."

"The ocean like at Coney Island?"

"What is that?"

"Gee, you're dopey. You don't know nothing." The blonde grinned. "Come on, you going home?"

"I must wait for my grandfather."

"Don't he let you cross the streets yourself?"

"No."

"I cross myself."

"I could if he would let me."

"Come on, walk me up to the corner."

"I will walk with you and then I will come back."

"Okay."

They walked out of the playground and turned toward the corner of the block. The little boy saw his grandfather standing there, facing the other direction. He ran to the old man and grabbed his legs. "Grandfather, here I am."

"Oh, so there you are." His grandfather was smiling under the black beard. "I thought the teacher kept you in after school for being a bad boy."

"No," the boy said, laughing, "she is a very nice teacher."

"So?" The old man drawled out the word. "And who is this young man coming along?" he asked, inclining his head.

The little boy turned. "Oh. He is a boy in my class." He paused, then smiled at the blonde. "He is my friend."

"I wanted to beat him up," Michael said. He looked up at the old man's beard. "Are those real whiskers?"

The old man said, "Would you like to pull them?"

"Yeah," Michael shouted, and jumped, but his hand missed by several feet.

"Maybe some other time," the old man said.

"I have a bike home," Michael said to the

little boy. "If you're around Henry Street maybe I'll let you ride on it."

"Thank you."

"I said maybe," Michael said. "So long." He went to the corner and crossed the street alone.

"So what did you learn in school, child?" The old man took the boy's hand and they walked to the opposite sidewalk.

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

The little boy shrugged. He looked back at the school. The autumn sun was low over the roof and it glowed on the red brick walls and enriched the color. It made the school look like a castle in a fairy tale, the boy thought, but this was his own castle. The sunlight flashed on the window panes with a white-scarlet light that blinded the boy's eyes, like the brilliance which must be at the tip of a fairy's magic wand.

"What kind of a school is it where a boy learns nothing?" the old man asked, smiling.

"It is a nice school," the boy said.

"You are happy?"

The boy looked up and the happiness inside him burst out with a force that almost choked him. "Yes!"

"So. That is good." The old man's fingers squeezed the boy's hand. "That is very good even if you learned nothing today."

They walked slowly toward Henry Street. The boy said, "The teacher said that this street is named after a great American patriot."

"So you did learn something," the old man said.

That night, in bed, the boy could not sleep again. His grandfather was lying very still and the boy was not sure that the old man was sleeping; if he was awake, the boy would have liked to talk. But the old man had slipped under the covers and closed his eyes after saying a brief goodnight.

Outside the window, the night was very black; blacker than the previous night. The boy could not see a glimpse of light, and he shut his eyes and tried to sleep. But there was so much to think about; the thoughts whirled in his head like a merry-go-round: the school; Miss Godfrey; Mister Goldberg; the lunchroom; the red-headed girl—she was pretty; Michael—he was not so bad. There was so much to think about. The boy rolled over and stared at the blackness in the window.

He heard his grandfather's voice. "My, he is sleeping so soundly; if he did not move I would think he has fainted. Such a sound sleep."

"I could not sleep like that when I came home from school the first day. I had so much

in my mind: the school; the teachers; the children. Yet I was happy. But I would not tell you this if you were not sleeping. If you were awake I would not say a word. I would not tell you that when I first went to school, my father watched me all day and I did not know it. He wanted me to learn by myself; he wanted me to be a big boy and a big boy does not bring his parent to the classroom. But I did not find this out until many years later.

"And I would not tell it to you if you were not sleeping so good." His hand was resting on the boy's shoulder now, and the boy stiffened his body to appear motionless. "But today, when I went away from the school so fast, I walked around the block and came back to the playground. I saw you with the teacher."

The boy almost sat upright, but the old man's hand was pressing his shoulder to the bed. The boy managed to keep his eyes closed.

"When the children go into the school, I go in too. I see you in the classroom. I see you also in the lunchroom. I see what happens to your chin; that is why I did not ask about it."

The boy's eyes were open now; he'd forgotten about his chin. He wondered if his grandfather could see that his eyes were opened. But he didn't care.

"I stand outside the lunchroom window and watch. Then I go into the school and see you in the classroom again. I come out early and hide near corner and see you in the playground with that other boy. And the little man teacher, I see him too. I see everything. And now I cannot sleep because I saw everything. But if you opened your eyes I would stop talking."

The boy clamped his eyelids shut.

"Like my father, I want to be sure you can learn by yourself. Also, that you should not be afraid of yourself. You are not, are you?"

"No," the boy said, and sat up. The old man's hand dropped from his shoulder.

"Grandfather," the boy said, and shook the old man's arm. The old man was pretending to sleep, the boy saw. He shook the arm again. "Grandfather."

"Uh?" The old man lifted his head. "What you want? Why do you wake me up?"

"I know you are not sleeping," the boy said.

"What foolishness is this?" the old man asked, but his body seemed to convulse and the boy knew he was laughing inside his chest.

"Can I go to school myself, tomorrow?" the boy asked.

"Go to sleep," the old man said; his voice was rough but there was a catch in it, as though he was holding back a giggle like a small child.

The boy lay down again. He breathed out hard and then inhaled forcibly through his nostrils and gave out a prolonged snore. He snored again, and heard the old man laugh quietly. The bedsprings shook as he laughed.

"Such a sound sleeper," the old man said. "Like a little snoring angel." He laughed again. "I do not think I will tell him that my father did not have to go to school with me after the first day because he saw I was not afraid of anything that could not hurt me. Especially myself."

The boy grinned in the darkness.

"If I tell him this," the old man said, "he may wake up and not be able to go back to sleep. Then I would have to tell him what I did that night, like this: I put myself under the blankets of the bed—" the old man's hand touched the boy's arm "—and pulled the blankets up over my chest—" he tugged the bedcovers up to the boy's neck and tucked them around his body "—and I put my head on the pillow—" he patted the boy's hair "—and I closed my eyes—" his finger tapped one of the boy's eyelids very lightly and then tapped the other "—and I went . . . to . . . sleep."

Then the old man snored like an elephant in the zoo, and the boy knew that the sleeping game was over. He was happy; very happy. The teachers were nice, the school was nice, the children were nice. Even Michael was nice.

He wished it was morning so he could be on his way to school—by himself. Maybe he would meet Michael on the corner and they would cross the street together, like big men. It would be good, too, to see all the children's bright-colored clothing again, like the colors in a fairy book.

He was glad his grandfather had watched him in school but he hoped the old man wouldn't go there tomorrow. The boy wanted to do things by himself now; he hoped he would learn a lot.

He stretched and looked at the window. The night was still black but he could see the stars in the sky. He wished the morning would hurry and chase away the darkness. But the light would come, the boy thought; after the night there is always light. It was like a poem: after night, there is light. He would have to recite it to Miss Godfrey tomorrow. After night, there is light. After night, there is light. After night, there is light.

Then the night outside the window closed into a blacker darkness as the boy shut his eyes. Miss Godfrey, Michael, Mister Goldberg, the red-headed girl; they spun in his mind and blended with the blackness. And the boy slept.

The Jew of Verona

By ALEX S. WHITE

TODAY, nobody remembers Antonio Bresciani. Very few texts on Italian culture and literature mention his name, and you must go back to 19th century records and reference works to dig up some details about the life of this forgotten writer.

And yet, a hundred years ago, Bresciani was one of his country's most popular authors. He had just published the second and final volume of his novel, *The Jew of Verona*, and this book became not only a smash hit in his native Italy, but it was translated into eight languages, including Russian. Its success, especially among the lower and middle classes, was immense. In reactionary circles it was hailed as a classic, comparable to the great master works of the Renaissance, and even an artist like Manzoni expressed his admiration for the author. This is all the more surprising, as Italy had never been a fertile soil for anti-Semitic literature. Although the ghetto, both as a word and an institution, seems to have originated in that country, Italians never went particularly for this type of writing; when Mussolini started his campaign of racial discrimination and hatred, he had to distribute his pamphlets on the superiority of "Aryans" free, because bookstores and newsdealers were hardly able to sell them.

Let us have a closer look at the *Jew of Verona*. It was claimed by its author to be a historical romance, based on "true facts." But history has seldom been distorted with such impudence as in this cloak and dagger story.

Today, Mazzini, Cavour and Garibaldi are worshipped as national heroes by every Italian, regardless of his political affiliation. They are credited with the unification of their country and its liberation from the

Austrian yoke. Bresciani and his ultra-conservative friends saw in these politicians just a band of conspirators, trying to destroy the church and the established order, and identifying them with liberalism, Masonry, and — Judaism. Who was Bresciani, spiritual leader of these obscurantists, and what was his background?

Antonio Bresciani, born at Ala near Trento in the year 1798, completed his studies at Verona. His parents wanted him to become a priest or a teacher, but they opposed his idea of entering the Society of Jesus, because of their own liberal ideas, which were in striking contrast to the views of the Jesuit order. The young Antonio, attracted by the aura of mystery surrounding that mighty organization, decided to run away from home and to join their ranks. It is not quite clear why he was rejected by them the first time. Maybe he could not pass the "spiritual" test every newcomer had to undergo. But he could not return home, either. He roved about in various cities, making his living as a private teacher and occasionally as a sexton. After some time, he applied again for admission, and this time he was more successful.

His superiors never had cause to regret their decision, since this young man was to become the pillar of their society. One by one, he climbed the steps of his career. He became professor, then rector of the famous Jesuit schools in several cities, afterwards Dean at the "Collegio di Propaganda" of Rome, and finally "Provinciale," i.e. the Governor of the all-mighty Order for the Kingdom of Sardinia, which also comprised parts of northern Italy. His literary career ran parallel to his political rising. From 1838, when his first moral essays were pub-

lished, till 1862, the year of his death, he wrote, besides some hundred articles and administrative reports, seventeen volumes containing novels, travel books and pseudo-historic fiction. All his works had but one aim: to destroy liberalism, to fortify, not only the religious, but chiefly the political influence of his order, and to annihilate all his real or supposed enemies.

It would be of no interest to enumerate all his books. The only real merit some critics might attribute to them even today, is a certain Tuscan elegance of style, while others call this very style a display of stilted mannerisms.

In 1846 there was a turning point in Bresciani's life, which also had a certain influence on some of his ideas. The Jesuits having been expelled by several local governments and their order declared unlawful in many countries, he had to escape from Turin and turned towards central Italy, trying to hide from his personal and political opponents. We know very little about his life in those years, spent partly in Rome where he had to lead a sort of underground existence. There might have been a conflict with Jewish groups or some bitter experience with their community leaders refusing to help them. Perhaps he tried to disguise himself as an Israelite, as he also knew Hebrew; some sources speak of an attempt on his life, but it is not clear who had attacked him.

After the Restoration, Antonio Bresciani was of course immediately reinstalled in his former positions and appointed shortly afterwards to one of the most influential offices within his order. He persuaded his superiors to found a new periodical, and soon the *Civiltà Cattolica*, published with the approval of Pope Pius IX, became the most powerful instrument of Catholicism. Chief contributor, and from 1850, editor of this periodical, he began to give his writings a strongly anti-Semitic trend. Here is the quintessence of his strange doctrine: There is a constant struggle between the forces of Good and Bad. The Evil is personified by Mazzini (then in exile) and his weird plans

are carried out by his instruments — the Jews.

While the historic truth is limited to the fact that some Jewish elements took part in the fight for Italy's liberation and unity, and that Mazzini was acquainted with a few Jewish families, both while in Italy and during his sojourn in London, Padre Bresciani invented cock-and-bull stories about secret Israelite fanatics, operating mainly in certain larger cities, conspiring against the whole of Christianity and against the life of the Pope. These sects, existing only in Bresciani's imagination, were minutely described, with all their fantastic rites, and it is partly due to the influence of this author that the Roman Jews had to return behind the walls of their ghetto after 1849, and to stay there till 1870 — the last year in the annals of a European ghetto before the rise of Hitler.

The Jew of Verona appeared in 1851, after having been partly published in serial form in the literary supplement of the *Civiltà Cattolica*. The story of Asher, a young Jew, is utterly incredible. The novel describes him as a hired ruffian of Mazzini, first a follower of this modern Anti-Christ, but later converted by the noble and beautiful Alisa to Catholicism, as well as to anti-Mazzinianism. He is finally killed by his former mates, members of that fanatic sect, whose power is constantly menacing the whole civilized world, according to Bresciani's twisted mind.

The success of the book was tremendous. Within a few years it was translated into all European languages, and several new editions and reprints of that "bestseller" were prepared by different publishers. Encouraged by the acclaim won by his novel, Antonio Bresciani wanted to top even the success of Eugene Sue, whose *Wandering Jew* had appeared just a few years before. He wrote a continuation of his thriller, called *Lionello*, in which he resumed the topic against the same fantastic background. It is strange to observe that while formerly an opponent of romanticism, which he considered an ally of the Italian nationalist movement, Bres-

ciani produced numerous romantic novels himself, when it suited his plans.

The first English version of his magnum opus was published in 1854 by J. Murphy and Co., Baltimore, under the title: *The Jew of Verona*, "a historical tale of the Italian revolutions of 1846-1849, translated from the second revised Italian edition." The same publisher also brought *Lionello* to America, which appeared in 1860 as a *Sequel to the Jew of Verona*. In 1861 the Catholic Publishing and Bookselling Company of London prepared a new version of that sad masterpiece, and what the British edition states in its foreword regarding the success of the *Jew of Verona* is no exaggeration. It called Bresciani's work one of the most widely read political novels of contemporary Italy.

To get a fair idea about the popularity of this author in that period, we might mention that a few years after his death his complete works were reprinted in a special edition, sold out within three months, although the adverse criticism of Tommasini and DeSanctis, Italy's foremost literary moguls of the 19th century, had started during the author's lifetime, demonstrating the complete lack of real artistic value and historic truthfulness in these concoctions. It took another two decades before the general public grew tired of this type of book, and the leaders of the short anti-Semitic wave around 1880 considered Bresciani's plot too childish even for the not very discriminating taste of their particular readership. The *Wandering Jew* of Sue, though not on a very high literary level, has proved to possess far greater vitality. It is being constantly and continuously reprinted, and every year new editions come out in one of the twenty-five languages into which this pulp-story has been translated. It is, perhaps, not generally known that there are two complete Hebrew and also several Yiddish versions of Sue's popular book.

A few editors tried to revive Bresciani's work towards the end of the 19th century, however with no success at all. For completeness sake, we wish to mention the

English translations of *Lorenzo* or the *Conscript*, published in 1879 by D. and J. Sadlier, New York, and the *Spiritual Exercises* edited by the translator or co-author, A. Bellecini in 1883. But nothing could restore the late Antonio Bresciani's fame. Even the leaders of Fascism, during its short-lived alliance with Germany, failed to refer to him as their spiritual forerunner, and today *The Jew of Verona* is just a curiosity in the lurid annals of anti-Semitic literature.

As a matter of fact, so completely has Bresciani's fame faded away, that neither the *Encyclopedia Britannica* nor the *Universal Jewish Encyclopedia* even mention his name. A few comments of present-day writers, featured in other reference works or literary histories may be of interest to our readers:

According to Panzini, one of the leading literary critics of Italy in the 20th Century, Antonio Bresciani hated progressive ideas, liberalism, and all modernistic trends of the day; he considered them as dangerous to spiritual life as leprosy is to the body.

In the *Historical Dictionary of Italian Literature* by Umberto Renda and Piero Operti, a book available in major American libraries such as the Library of Congress, the New York Public Library, etc., we find on page 193 some details about Antonio Bresciani (born 1798 in Ala del Trentino, died 1862 in Rome). According to the authors of this work, the only artistic value of his writings consists of an elaborate and rich use of words taken from the Florentine vernacular of his day.

In the revised edition of the *Enciclopedia Italiana* 1950, we find on page 815 of the seventh volume, a critical appraisal of Bresciani's significance that basically follows the opinion of Panzini, Renda and Operti. Summarizing this entry, it says that his novels, originally published from 1850 on in the periodical *Civiltà Cattolica*, were very popular among adversaries of liberal ideas, but their literary value is, generally speaking, low.

According to the *Enciclopedia Motta* published 1953 in Milano, Italy, his novels en-

joyed considerable fame and popularity. This set, apparently pro-Catholic, is one of the few that do not express unfavorable views on Bresciani's influence.

The *General Catalog of the Printed Books*, published by the British Museum in 1938, lists 23 entries under Bresciani's name, including *The Jew of Verona* in Italian and in the English translation of 1861. As far as we know, the only existing biography about our author is included in the complete 17-volume edition of his works, but we were unable to locate it in an American library.

It may be some kind of consolation that while padre Antonio Bresciani is virtually forgotten today, the periodical co-founded by him, *Civiltà Cattolica*, has abandoned the wild anti-Semitic tendencies of its one time editor-in-chief, and even during the darkest days of World War II, maintained a certain restraint, avoiding the excesses advocated by the author of *The Jew of Verona*.

From the preface of the *Jew of Verona*, British-American edition of 1854, translated anonymously:

The translation and publication of the work have been undertaken at the earnest solicitation of many eminent Catholics, who, having read the work in the original, were desirous of having it circulated among the Catholics of the United States.

Mr. Bedarida, a Jewish writer from Italy, published his work, *Gli Ebrei d'Italia*, in 1950. This book is the most detailed monography on the Italian Jews so far existent. It is more comprehensive than the *History of the Italian Jews* by Roth. It was surprising to note that Mr. Bedarida mentions Antonio Bresciani's name only in connection with a book by the latter on the folklore of Sardinia, which contains comparative references to old Jewish habits.

... The United States is the richest, and, both actually and potentially, the most powerful state on the globe. She has much to give to the world; indeed, to her hands is chiefly entrusted the shaping of the future. If democracy in the broadest and truest sense is to survive, it will be mainly because of her guardianship. . . .

JOHN BUCHAN

A GALLERY of ZIONIST PROFILES

by

LOUIS LIPSKY

MR. LOUIS LIPSKY, a close friend or companion-in-arms of all the personalities portrayed in this book, is well-qualified to present this collection of pieces on the men most prominent in the birth of Israel.

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BOOKS

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Jews from Germany in the United States. Edited by Eric E. Hirshler. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 182 pp. \$3.00.

Dr. Hirshler has edited a collection of essays under the somewhat misleading title, *Jews from Germany in the United States*. Published under the auspices of the American Federation of Jews from Central Europe, as the editor intimates parenthetically in the course of his own essay, the volume concerns itself more accurately with the American story and the European background of Jews from the German-speaking territories. In addition to the editor, the contributors include Dr. Selma Stern-Taubler, Dr. Bernard Weinryb, Dr. Adolf Kober, and Dr. Albert H. Friedlander. Dr. Max Gruenewald has written a brief introduction.

The strength of this book lies in a number of its individual essays. The successful pieces are clearly defined, modest in scope, suggestive and critical rather than synthetic in intent. Dr. Taubler, sensitive novelist and scholar, best known for her penetrating study, *The Court Jew*, profiles the German-Jewish entrepreneur of colonial America, drawing upon her earlier studies for her insights into the new milieu. With consummate skill, she sympathetically sketches the psychology of a newly emerging economic and social type in a changing central Europe. Energetic, resourceful, and daring petty Jewish traders and peddlers increasingly appear as bankers, manufacturers, and grand merchants. Their outer lives transformed, they remain in inward being ineluctably devoted to the minutiae and satisfactions of congregational life, at least until great fortune carries them far distant from their roots. In the American colonies this new type ap-

peared in more modest form. As shippers, traders, and colonizers, the speciae Americanus was represented by Sampson Simson, Joseph Simon, the brothers Gratz, and many others. Uprooted, these pioneers were compelled to build meaning into lonely adventurous lives without the stabilizing force of the old communal forms. Perhaps some day, Dr. Taubler will bring her insight to bear upon one of these colonial Jewish entrepreneurs and present us with a concrete full-length portrait built upon these exciting outlines.

Dr. Weinryb's essay, although encroaching somewhat upon Dr. Taubler's preserve, essentially complements its predecessor. This able Jewish historian, best known for his original researches into the economic life of east European Jewry in the late 18th and 19th centuries, is especially concerned to examine the cultural complex of the various layers of German Jewish immigrants to the United States. Weinryb draws a sharp distinction between the self-made heroic but slimly and traditionally educated pioneers and the growingly more educated and assimilated later comers. While the former were essentially nourished by a Judeo-German linguistic culture, a growing minority, becoming more conspicuous in the '50's and '60's of the 19th century, were products of German schools, and brought with them the modern spirit. The divide between these elements, which had been regarded as essentially a religious one, is portrayed by Weinryb in a linguistic perspective as well. Clearly a fuller appreciation of the social and cultural life of mid-19th century German-Jewish immigrants will have to reckon with these conflicting linguistic frames of reference.

Dr. Kober, exploring the German-Jewish

rabbinical and scholarly heritage, marshals considerable data on the close dependence of immigrant religious leaders upon German sources of inspiration and patterns of thought. A tendency to list rather than to interpret, however, deprives the reader of opportunities for greater understanding.

Dr. Hirshler's essay, by far the longest, bearing the same title as the book, is largely vitiated by his failure to conceptualize a theme. The resultant potpourri of information and often ingenuous quotation adds little to our knowledge or insight.

Dr. Friedlander's essay, "Cultural Contributions of the German Jews in America," is all too familiarly apologetic. Repeating much that appears in the earlier chapters, it might well have been eliminated entirely.

Yet despite the limitations of some of the essays, this volume has real value. Dr. Taeubler and Dr. Weinryb, especially, bringing to bear the sensibilities and considerable probing scholarship of their European past, have alerted our historical intelligence and have added genuine dimensions to our understanding of the character of our nation's early Jewries. Had all the contributions measured up to these, this would be an important book and genuine irritant to thought.

MOSES RISCHIN

The Political Behavior of American Jews, by Lawrence H. Fuchs. The Free Press. 220 pp. \$4.00.

Election time is the season of apologetics for the "Jewish vote." Because of America's past as a "country of immigration," of the formation of the racial-religious melting pots as the basis for the intimate social life of most individuals, the increasing religio-cultural and social differentiations between Catholics and other Americans, and, above all, the pragmatic character of American politics on the voting district level—votes along ethnic, religious, racial and other interest lines are to be expected.

The present book, by Dr. Fuchs, Assistant Professor of Political Science at Brandeis University, is an expansion of a detailed study of the voting habits of some 276 persons (84% of them Jews) in Boston. The study brings out many facts that shed light on the problem of the Jewish vote. The

author maintains the right of any group to follow its own interests when it comes to ballot box, and proves that the Jews are a group *sui generis* when it comes to voting. The differences in voting between Jews and non-Jews have become sharper since the New Deal days. Thus, persons of non-Jews of high economic or educational status vote overwhelmingly Republican; Jews prefer the Democratic ticket. The suburban voters' swing to Eisenhower in 1952 hardly affected the Jews. Moreover, third generation Jews are more apt to vote Democratic than immigrants.

Dr. Fuchs also presents a brief history of voting trends among the Jews since the colonial days. The historical aspects of the books are generally not documented in contrast to the sociological ones, and it is here where one has to be careful to distinguish between suppositions and statements based on facts. In his treatment of the Revolutionary War Dr. Fuchs seems to be unaware of Cecil Roth's study of the Jewish Tories. He attributes too much importance to anti-Semitic incidents and propaganda at the turn of the 18th century.

The background of the more politically conscious German Jews and the attraction Lincoln's personality and his party's platform established the pattern of support for the Republican Party. This continued until 1928, with the exception of the Wilson election in 1916. Since the 1932 Roosevelt election, Jews have been voting overwhelmingly for the Democratic ticket. Dr. Fuchs predicts that results will be similar in the 1956 national elections.

What are the reasons for this shift and its steadfastness? The author searches for them in the religio-cultural background of the Jews, expressed, according to him, in the three categories of: 1) importance of learning, 2) what he calls *zedakeh*, a sense of charity and civic obligation, and 3) non-ascetism. These traditions, in contrast to Christian other-worldliness, Dr. Fuchs claims, cause Jews to vote for the platforms that express attitudes closest to such background, namely, legislation favoring internationalism, democracy and social security.

In my opinion, the word *zedakeh*, a misspelling for *tsedakah* or plain *tsdakeh* (incidentally, possible evidence that Dr. Fuchs failed to consult on matters such as these

with experts on Jewish affairs at Brandeis), is not the proper one. It would have been more correct to use the Biblical term *tsedek* or the simple Yiddish *yoisher*, signifying the traditional compelling drive for social justice within the Jewish community. Dr. Fuchs could have paid more attention to the impact of Nazism and Communism. The latter is sort of glossed over even in the technical portions of the book. Witness, for instance, his treatment of the minor parties in New York (p. 153), where the Communist background of the recently deceased American Labor Party is ignored, and where no breakdown of votes is given between the latter and the Liberal party; nor is there adequate explanation of the factors behind the large vote among Bronx Jews for the radical parties. And speaking of omissions, I missed the name of Abba Hillel Silver in the index; it should have been there in connection with the "Zionist revolution" in American life of the 1940's. Similarly, the charm of Roosevelt's name, despite his failure to attempt any effective rescue of Jews in Europe during the Hitler catastrophe (1939-45), not to speak of his attitude to Zionism, may be proof that the "Jewish vote" is merely a vote for social justice and internationalism and not in favor of specifically Jewish issues. This presents a problem for research and I will not blame Dr. Fuchs for not having raised it. However, I do blame him for his failure to document the historical parts and, without trying to be overpunctillious, also for carelessness in some minor but galling aspects, such as some figures and the misspelling of Schiff as Shiff or Illoway as Illowy.

Chicago people will find some data on Jewish voting in certain sections of the city. I understand that Mr. Maurice G. Guysenir whose doctoral dissertation on the voting habits of Jews in Chicago is in process brings out results similar to those of Dr. Fuchs' study. *The Political Behavior of American Jews* reads well and is full of interesting information. I recommend it.

ABRAHAM G. DUKER

Dying We Live. Pantheon Books Inc. 285 pp. \$4.50.

Twelve years after the nightmare of Hitler's Third Reich came to its end this collec-

tion of last messages of victims of Nazi persecution on the eve of their execution, many written with manacled hands, have appeared in English translation from the original German edition by the Christian Kaiser Verlag in Munich. These human documents were collected and edited by Helmut Gollwitzer, Reinhold Schneider and Kaethe Kuhn. By coincidence they reached this reviewer on the day when the press carried the news that Hitler's successor Grand Admiral Doenitz had been released from Spandau prison.

What distinguishes this book from similar publications which have appeared during the last ten years is the selection of the men and women who opposed the Hitler regime for reasons of conscience and paid with their lives for their moral decision to resist evil. With less than half a dozen exceptions the writers of these last letters before their death were all devout Christians, Protestants and Catholics. A large number were priests or clergymen. The majority of these men and women of the resistance were officials of the German state or officers of the German Wehrmacht, some members of some of the oldest families of Prussian nobility. Quite a few were connected with the abortive attempt on the life of Hitler on July 20, 1944.

The few members of the resistance in occupied countries and only two who were connected with the German labor movement who are included in this collection hardly give the full picture of the broadness of the anti-Nazi movement which existed all during the days of the Nazi rule and which was by no means confined either to professed Christians or to the conservative circles from which most of the martyrs in this book came. One cannot help but wonder why not a single one of the six million Jews who died in the gas chambers was included except one woman-convert to Catholicism who came from a Jewish background.

This remark is not meant to detract in any way from the deeply stirring human quality of these personal testaments which reflect each in its own way the nobility and inner serenity of these heroes in their moment of ultimate test of their deepest convictions. Perhaps the most moving documents were written by young men and women in the prime of their life, some not

older than twenty years when they had to face a cruel death. Those are the letters by members of the famous group of students of Munich University, or one by a young Danish sailor and another one by a mere boy from Czechoslovakia sentenced to death for his refusal to join the S.S. There are others like the searching letters of a Jesuit priest whose honesty and clarity of self-analysis one cannot easily forget.

What shines through all the pages of this book is the inherent human greatness of men and women who facing the choice between life without conscience or death for the sake of conscience calmly chose death. This book reminds us of the magnitude of the crimes of those who extinguished the rich lives of these men and women, lest we forget in this age of complacency and moral expediency. But it reminds us of something more, something we can also easily forget: These letters are a living testimony to the truth that we can never condemn a whole people, regardless how grave the crimes were committed in their name or how grave the responsibility of those who tolerated them even in silence. For the death of these men and women and many more like them in the Gestapo prisons, before the Nazi firing squads or under the ax of the executioner has saved the honor of their people from complete shame. They too were Germans, members of that other Germany that gave to mankind men like Martin Luther, Emmanuel Kant, like Goethe, Heine or in our own days Thomas Mann, Albert Einstein and Pastor Niemöller who came so close to having shared the fate of the dead martyrs of the German resistance.

MARTIN HALL

Anthology of Jewish Music, by Chemjo Vinaver. Edward B. Marks Music Corporation. 292 pp. \$10.00.

Chemjo Vinaver, who is represented in this anthology as editor, musicologist and composer, was born in 1900 in Warsaw, Poland, of a prominent Chassidic family. His musical studies were completed in Berlin, where he achieved importance as a choral conductor, particularly in the field of Jewish music. He came to the United States in 1938; the Vinaver Chorus which he directed soon became recognized as among

the foremost choirs in the east. As a composer, his liturgical works, eight of which are included in this collection, are characterized by the use of traditional cantillation and prayer motifs. His influence as a composer, conductor and writer has been a salutary one in the field of Jewish choral music where, too often, mediocre standards are accepted or tolerated for want of exemplary models.

This book is not actually an anthology of all Jewish music, but as its subtitle indicates of the "Sacred chant and Religious Folk Song of the Eastern European Jews." It is, however, an anthology at least in prospect, for the editor speaks of "forthcoming volumes" as a "repository of Jewish music which in its entirety should be representative of every phase and tradition of the Jewish musical heritage." If such an anthology is actually being contemplated, Mr. Vinaver would be wise to delegate some of the work, while retaining the chief editorship, for the project would be simply too much for one individual. Also, with all due respect to the catholicity of his taste and the objectivity of his judgment, the selection of material to be included in such an anthology should not be the choice of a single arbiter.

The one hundred and six compositions in this collection range in complexity from single line recitatives to the six voice setting of Psalm 130 by Arnold Schoenberg, all unaccompanied. The book is divided into two parts. The first, concerned with sacred chant, includes examples of the chanting of the Scriptures (cantillation) and the prayer chants of the Synagogue (*Nuschaot*). The second part includes religious folk song as represented by hymns for the Sabbath table and chassidic *nigunim*.

Following each example, the Hebrew (in a few cases, Yiddish) text and the English translation appear in parallel columns. Among the most valuable features of this anthology are the historical and ritual explanations preceding each selection. These explanations are accurate and informative without being pedantic.

While three of the compositions are, at best, peripheral to the East European tradition with which this anthology is avowedly concerned, these well merit inclusion on the basis of their intrinsic interest and worth. These include works by Lewandowski, Ja-

cobi and Schoenberg. The *Ki K'shimcho* by Lewandowski (#28), of all of this composer's works, is one of the most East European in sound and feeling. The *Teyfen L'Hakshiv* of Frederick Jacobi (#39) is an effective and skilfully written work for male chorus. Of all the compositions in this collection, the *Psalm 130* by Arnold Schoenberg (#47) is the work which undoubtedly will be the most discussed and least performed. This *Psalm* was composed especially for and is first published in this anthology. In preparation for this work, Mr. Vinaver had sent Schoenberg a *Chassidic Recitative* (#46), also a setting of *Psalm 130*, which is printed immediately preceding Schoenberg's composition. The composer replied, "I—profited from the liturgical motif you sent me in writing approximately a similar expression." The word "approximately" has never before been used to reconcile two such disparate musical expressions as the chassidic melody and the Schoenberg setting. The latter, in six voice parts, combines both singing voice parts cast in the characteristic twelve-tone idiom of the German master. The intervallic relations are such that, to perform this work a capella the choir members would all necessarily have to possess absolute pitch. The rhythms in themselves, while difficult, are not impossibly complex, but the difficulties are compounded by the frequent interruption of the line in each of the respective parts. The principal melody also shifts frequently from one voice part to another, in the manner of what in the fourteenth century was termed a *hoquetus*. Consequently, since this work is beyond the capacities of even the very exceptional choir, it has little functional value. As an art-work, however, in terms of itself, it is intense and concentrated, decisive in its impact, the speaking declamation and vocal melody most effectively combined.

Other choral works which are particularly noteworthy include the *L'Dovid Mizmor* by Vinaver (#44), the *Dance Song* by Erich Itor Kahn (#102) which combines and treats several chassidic tunes in a novel and original manner, the still impressive *Un'Sane Tokef* by the Russian Jewish composer, Milner (#25) and the extensive *Ato Noseyn Yod* by Pinchas Minkovsky (#38).

The final section of the anthology contains chassidic *nigunim*. Many of these are here printed for the first time, having been notated by the editor, in America as well as in Europe, during the past thirty years. The greater number of these are of interest as additions to the known repertoire rather than because of any inherently great beauty or significance. This Mr. Vinaver himself recognizes in indicating that "the quality of chassidic music has steadily declined over the two hundred years since its inception," and that the more recent *nigunim* which are included in his anthology "may lack the depth of the older music but still express a certain chassidic atmosphere" (p. 21). The *Nigun and Dance Tune* (83) notated by the editor in Czechoslovakia in 1934, is among the more interesting of these newly notated melodies, although it involves a certain adjustment to accent the 23rd *Psalm* ("The Lord is my shepherd") as a synco-pated dance tune, Andante, to be sure, but nevertheless, still a dance tune.

Of interest also is the publication for the first time of compositions by cantors revered in liturgical tradition but hitherto unavailable—works by Zeidel Rovner, Pinchas Minkowsky and Yeruchom Hakoton (Blindman).

The essence of this anthology, in the choral selections as well as in the *nigunim*, lies in its chassidic orientation. As such it is a valuable compendium of a vanishing style and tradition. The newer liturgy and the newer *chazzanuth* (as revealed by some of Mr. Vinaver's own compositions) adjusted to a different milieu and a changing culture, differ significantly from the East European chassidic style-types.

The anthology is beautifully printed, with an attractive symbolic cover design and frontispiece by Chagall. The Jewish Agency of Palestine, which provided a special fellowship enabling Mr. Vinaver to devote himself to this work, is to be commended for having helped bring this book into being. It is a significant addition to the growing number of books on and of Jewish music, and one in which Mr. Vinaver most successfully discharged his threefold responsibility as editor, composer and annotator.

LEON STEIN

Transplanted People, by Etta Byer. Privately printed. 231 pp. With 28 reproductions of paintings by Samuel Byer. \$5.00.

The trials and adventures of the immigrant to America—the learning of new ways and language, the struggle for mere existence in the midst of all this strangeness, the nostalgia for the familiar choked off by the indomitable will to succeed—follow a known pattern, differing little except as to individual circumstances and individual reaction to circumstance. But seldom has the story been more charmingly told than by Etta Byer, who in her 'teens ran away from a tyrannical father in the little Russian village of Lida, to make her way alone, first in London and then in America. She had one asset only—she was an expert cigarette maker, and she knew she could find work wherever she went.

She did, and wherever she was—in London, New York's lower east side, Chicago—she found energy to go to school at night, to learn, to improve herself. She went to concerts, visited art museums—and saved her money.

An unfortunate marriage and ill health sent her scurrying back home for a while, but she returned—for here was her home.

A second marriage, to the artist Samuel Byer, and her own hard work brought her rich rewards, despite the greed of avaricious brothers—wealth, friends, respect and affection in the colorful and satisfying world of art and music.

Now, in her old age, Mrs. Byer is still working, as a machine operator in a Chicago leather goods house. But she has found at Wells Evening High School a fascinating hobby that she calls "pearl fishing," which is a continuing search for knowledge and truth. She enrolled at the evening school with the manuscript for this book in her hands, already written, asking for help to perfect her writing in English. "I write warm towards people," she told Bernard Apple, her English teacher.

That warmth pervades the stories which make up the book—little vignettes, really, some of them unconnected recollections of people in the old country, the neighbors, the maid, a simple farm family, and religious customs and holidays, as well as her adventures in Americanization. One feels that

there is a deep reservoir here, that has been little more than tapped.

The 28 plates of reproductions of Samuel Byer's work will be recognized and appreciated by all who are familiar with contemporary art. His paintings, particularly of Jewish subjects, have been widely exhibited and reproduced.

In the summation of her story Mrs. Byer tells the story of opportunity in America:

"We had been such little people in Lida, lower than grass. Now we were transplanted, branching out, growing as normal Americans. My heart was full of gratitude; it was a glorious feeling to 'belong' here. . . ."

The book is published by Dr. M. J. Aron and other members of the Lider Organization of Chicago.

OLIVE CARRUTHERS

An Old Faith in a New World: Portrait of Shearith Israel 1654-1954, by David and Tamar deSola Pool. Columbia University Press. xviii plus 565 pages. \$15.00.

The history of the Congregation Shearith Israel is a saga in which we are all involved. For Shearith Israel is a crucible into which refugees from the terror of the Inquisition poured their sorrows and their hopes, their tortured memories and their cherished dreams. Long and tortuous were the trails these wanderers had trod. Many were the disguises which they wore. But whether they walked the dusty roads of Europe or sailed the turbulent seas which took them to South America, the Caribbean and eventually North America, they clung tenaciously to their ancient faith. On the Rua dos Judeos (Street of the Jews) in Recife, Brazil, these emigrés had built a house of worship called *Tsur Yisrael*. In nearby Mauricia was a sister congregation, *Magen Abraham*. When the blow of expulsion befell these valiant pioneers of South America, a handful of them, through a series of miracles, found themselves in Nieuw Amsterdam. The year was 1654. The month September, the eve of the Jewish New Year. And so the history of the oldest Jewish congregation in what is now the United States was begun.

Now three hundred years and four synagogues later two perfect chroniclers have been found to tell the story—to tell it lovingly, with lyrical prose in a mood of dedi-

cation and reverence. *An Old Faith in the New World* has been written by David deSola Pool, Rabbi of Shearith Israel and author of numerous important works in this area of Americana Judaica—and by his wife, Tamar Pool, indefatigable worker in the Jewish vineyard, onetime president of Haddassah and editor of its *Newsletter*. Together they have recreated a past composed of green memories, of imperishable protagonists, of an ever-living faith. There is plot and drama, humor and pathos, prayer and tradition intermingled. The manuscripts consulted and cited are staggering in number. American Jewish history has been re-examined, retold, relived. Out of the ooze of "Jew's Alley"—a muddy lane, narrow and unattractive, a community arises, shaped by these gifted potters into a thing of beauty, a lasting joy. Step by step, we trace the building of the first structure. We note the gifts sent in from distant places. We hear the creaking of the floor. "At times the boards composing the floor of the reader's platform in the main synagogue were heard to creak. This was due to the fact that they were not cut and shaped originally for the synagogue in which they are now laid. They made up the very floor on which the hazzan stood in the Nineteenth Street Synagogue, the Crosby Street Synagogue, and it is said also the Mill Street Synagogue of 1730. Their transfer to the new building symbolizes the desire of each generation in Shearith Israel to stand in prayer where their fathers stood in the shrine of Judaism."

How these Sephardim, the Spaniards of the tradition of Cervantes, managed to weld a dynamic social unit, together with many Ashkenazim who were their contemporaries, is in itself a narrative charged with drama and excitement. Yet they prayed together fervently, prayed for themselves and each other, for the government of the country which had given them stature, asylum, citizenship. They prayed for the health of their country's presidents, for Congress, for Abraham Lincoln martyred, for the starving Irish. They even prayed for dew! They prayed for rain! And ever and always, with reverence and solemnity, they prayed for the souls of their departed.

The history of Shearith Israel is a hymn of praise of the past, of thanksgiving for

present blessings, and a long and reverent look into the future of Jews in America.

ANITA LIBMAN LEBESON

Years of Trial and Hope—1946-1952, Volume Two, by Harry S. Truman. Doubleday. 594 pp. \$5.00.

This book may be considered by itself or as the companion volume of *Years of Decision*. The former President crowds into this work such tremendous slices of world history as to justify a library, rather than one work. For the first year of his administration did not stand alone in significance. Each succeeding year had its share of personal super-excitation and world-shaking events.

Some have complained that the memoirs lack literary style and polish; that Mr. Truman is not an artist with professional competence. But this volume, like the first one, is clear, concise, vigorous, frank, unfailingly interesting, important, a masculine job throughout. One never has difficulty in knowing what Mr. Truman is trying to say, because he actually says it. He communicates with such definiteness that one may readily agree or disagree in accordance with one's own political faith and feelings.

"... Being a President is like riding a tiger," Mr. Truman soon discovered. "A man has to keep on riding or be swallowed ... A President either is constantly on top of events or, if he hesitates, events will soon be on top of him."

There were, for example, the developments arising out of atomic energy, in which David E. Lilienthal, Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, Dean Acheson, Secretary Byrnes, Senator McMahon and Bernard M. Baruch each played a distinct role. It is clear that the President was annoyed almost constantly by Mr. Baruch's attitude and filled with increasing admiration for Sen. McMahon. Mr. Truman makes no particular point of it, but one must record that he handles Dr. Oppenheimer deferentially in contrast with the shabby treatment the savant received later from the great general.

The unity of direction in the Department of Defense is so much taken for granted today, that one tends to forget that it was only during the Truman administration that the Army, Navy and Air Force achieved integrated civilian command, after heads were

hit together and service rivalries domesticated. Admiral Denfield was a one-day martyr of the naval opposition.

The tragic Chinese saga of General Marshall, the successor to the maladroit Ambassador Hurley, is given authentic narration; and only the most partisan will deny that there was sincerity, persistence and statesmanship in our unsuccessful efforts to unite China and put it in our camp. It became obvious that forces beyond our control, including the monumental cupidity and stupidity of the Nationalist leaders, were responsible for the Chinese debacle. In detail we may have erred here and there, but no matter what we would have done, it now seems certain, the Chinese Communists were bound to oust the inefficient forces of Chiang Kai-shek from the continent.

One cannot begin to list all of the historical riches in this volume; the unsuccessful efforts to achieve a national health program, the ins and outs of the budget, the achievement of a centralized intelligence service, the civil rights program, the seizure of the steel mills, the loyalty program, the sensational electoral triumph over Dewey in 1948, the 1952 election and Stevenson's inspired articulation of American liberalism.

The greatest moments of the book relate to the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, and the Korean War—the triple arches of triumph in the western world's struggle against international tyranny and chaos. Seldom in world history has one man had to render such basic decisions in as short a time. President Truman was instinctively and instantaneously right in each of his major decisions. While a Hoover would have faltered and fumbled, despite his education and training, the uneducated and untrained Truman knew exactly what to do, and did it. If you want to know the revolutionary reaches of what he did, ponder the Truman Doctrine as contrasted with, let us say, the Monroe Doctrine. President Monroe, prompted by the British, proclaimed that the American continents were thereafter to be free from foreign encroachments; but the young nation had no means then to enforce its brave challenge. President Truman, again prompted by the British, proclaimed that we would rise to the defense of free nations everywhere when world security demanded

it; and the great nation this time had the means to enforce its will. When one recalls our long tradition of isolationism, it is nothing short of miraculous that Truman won bipartisan support for his anti-isolationist policy. The important thing to remember is that the Truman Doctrine is not simply an imperialistic edict. Its necessary concomitant is the economic and technological aid first proposed in the Marshall Plan and then in the Point Four Program. The world will long remember President Truman for these achievements, and the world's memory will be aided by the Truman memoirs, just as Caesar's *Commentaries* bring the ancient ruler closer to us.

ELMER GERTZ

Six Against Tyranny, by Inge Scholl. London, John Murray. 99 pp. \$1.90. Translated from the German by C. Brooks. Originally published as *Die Weisse Rose* by Verslag der Frankfurter Hefte.

Six Against Tyranny should command the attention of what one may hope to be a large body of readers for whom the incidents of the last World War have not yet been reduced to inert historical facts; for Miss Scholl's story is meaningful only if one accepts it as the vibrant tale that it is, a history of a small group of Germans who, isolated and with no more elaborate qualifications than conscience and courage, rise in all their innocence against the abuses of Nazi Germany, fight briefly, and finally fall before the practised methods of the Gestapo.

It is not strictly correct to speak of the six as a group. They came together, except for the pair who were brother and sister, from a variety of backgrounds. One was a middle-aged professor in the University of Munich; the others were students still in their early twenties. The entire span of their acquaintance was hardly two years, and even that period was interrupted for four of the group by six months' service at the Russian front. What brought and held them together was an unusual awareness of the monstrousness of Hitler's methods and of the responsibility of the German people themselves for providing him with a fulcrum. Rarer for the time even than such awareness was the willingness of the six to take action, to resist, the magic word which

creeps unsummoned but inexorably into the story's narrative. The actual resistance which the group put up was short-lived and not, one would think, especially damaging. They printed a number of pamphlets that are reproduced in the appendix; they once painted "Down with Hitler" in pre-war paint on the walls of Munich's proud Ludwigstrasse; they had not yet gone beyond the planning stage for establishing companion university groups when they were caught distributing one of the pamphlets in the halls of their own university. This ended their activity; the trial accorded them was only a formality, and in the last days of February, 1943, the six were executed.

But the value of their story, as that of their deeds at the time, lies not in bare fact alone, for *Six Against Tyranny* gives considerable insight into the behavior of the German people during Hitler's rise and reign. The original unwillingness to concede the latter's reality, a belated awakening when resistance had become largely impossible, the troubled acquiescence in such an assumption, the torn loyalty divided between *Vaterland* and those rules of humanity which would not recognize national boundaries, are all seen as they were subjected to the various judgments of the German people. The obscuring gradualness of the conflict could not be admitted as a legitimate defense (as has since been pointed out many times), and this the six were quick to recognize.

Not all of the arguments suggested by the group in their campaign were quite disinterested. Some called on the Germans to see that the war must be inevitably lost, and (ironically) asked what would become then of those Germans who had not resisted. Others spoke of the useless slaughter of people and the destruction of German cities which had then begun. These were not the rationale of the group, but the fact is clear that those to whom even such arguments were directed failed to respond. The struggle throughout was one of loneliness. What Miss Scholl suggests is the quality of "reasonableness" which the attitude of indifference acquired at the time for a great number of people who must not be too easily dismissed as villains. The most frightening aspect of Miss Scholl's quiet-spoken tale remains finally that nothing in the situation

itself suggests that other peoples, under similar circumstances, would not have acted in the same fashion as did the Germans; that their weakness, ultimately their crime, was not indigenous to the people or place or time. This, when more immediate pains can be forgotten, may remain as the lesson of Germany to the world.

Miss Scholl's writing possesses the objectivity of the fairy tale; she does not tell all, but she tells what is important. She writes in a personal, yet reverent idiom that provides continuity for frequently shifting scenes, ranging from a sensitive boy's first encounter with the Hitler Youth to a meeting on his way to the Russian front with a young girl marked by the Star of David, to the last reunion of parents with their son and daughter. Perhaps because of this impressionistic method, the six do not emerge clearly as individuals. But the narrative has to be taken, again like a fable, either as a whole or not at all. So accepted, it maintains a moving simplicity and integrity.

DOV LANG

Judaism and Psychiatry, edited by Simon Noveck. The United Synagogue of America. 197 pp. Paperbound, \$2.50. Cloth, \$3.95.

Pastoral psychiatry, a recent outgrowth of pastoral counseling, is an assertion that one of the oldest and newest approaches to the guidance of human behavior, religion and psychiatry, have a common purpose in helping man to cope with his inner suffering. Though each has its own function to perform, religion and psychiatry, for long antagonistic toward each other, are finding increasingly a common area of cooperation in helping men lead more meaningful lives. The volume *Judaism and Psychiatry* edited by Rabbi Simon Noveck, is a welcome beginning in interpreting popularly the reciprocal roles of those two approaches. Written for the layman, and a product of papers and lectures delivered at the adult education classes of the Park Avenue Synagogue in New York City, the purpose of the volume is "to present some of the teachings of the Jewish tradition on the basic emotional problems which confront us as human beings, and to analyze the psychological value which can come from following the Jewish way of life."

The book is divided into three main areas.

Part I, the major portion of the volume, deals with the basic problems in personal living in which subjects like conscience and guilt, fear and anxiety, depression, and self-acceptance are treated each by a psychiatrist and then by a rabbi. This section is concluded with a description of the Jewish view of grief, written by the editor.

Part II deals with the psychological values of Judaism and establishes the relationship of religious beliefs and practices to the mental well-being and emotional health of the individual. The final section of the book poses the problem in its general orientation, can Judaism and psychiatry meet, and concludes with the recognition of the unique, yet cooperative, role of both.

Though this collection of essays contains a clear enough structure and development of the three-fold theme, it was the impression of this reviewer that a more comprehensive treatment by only some of the participants who possess a more integrated knowledge of both Judaism and modern psychology or psychiatry would have suited more the purpose of the volume. Too often it seemed that the psychiatrist and the rabbi switched roles and spoke from a vantage point where they were not sufficiently at home. If the religionists (with the exception of a few) had probed more the Jewish sources related to mental health instead of playing the amateur psychologist, and if the psychiatrists had indulged less in declaring their understanding of Judaism, the volume would have taken on more meaning.

In the final section, a very convincing case is built up in reconciling the apparent conflict between psychiatry and religion. The conviction is expressed that each has its specific task to do in curing the sick soul. Specific examples are brought in to show how either can serve without trespassing upon the functions of the other. However, it would have been even more helpful if the writers had included some areas which both claim and which neither can surrender to the other.

An integrated analysis of the areas of cooperation and of conflict could well be the starting point for another study of these two vital approaches to human happiness and salvation. As a beginning, the National Academy for Adult Jewish Studies deserves

a great tribute for introducing this fascinating field to the Jewish layman.

LOUIS KATZOFF

The Structure of Spanish History, by Américo Castro, translated by Edmund L. King. Princeton University Press. XIII plus 689 pp. \$9.00.

This book ought to be read by many people, by historians, philosophers, sociologists, students of Spanish life and literature, Islamic scholars, and Jews. It is based on the author's original Spanish manuscript "*Espana en su Historia*," which bears the subtitle "*Cristianos, Moros y Judios*" and is devoted to the proposition that the "tribes from the north of the Iberian Peninsula, engaged in centuries of interaction with Moors and Jews, worked out the special vital disposition of the Spaniards;" in other words, that Christian Spain, in its cultural strength and expansive power as well as in its political weakness, can only be understood if one knows that it arises out of Islamic and Hebraic foundations. These foundations could be shattered in the convulsions of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, but not altogether removed. Even today, Spain remains the most Islamic of all non-Islamic nations and, in spite of the physical disappearance of the Jewish community and the continued manifestations of Spanish Jew-hatred, the only Gentile nation that has incorporated not only a good deal of Jewish blood, but also Jewish modes of thought into its total cultural make-up. Américo Castro attempts to tell us, in a well-documented and inspired narrative, how it all came about.

Let me make it clear that this is a book on Spain, not on the Jews of Spain, and that it deals with the Jews of Spain only as an indestructible part of Spain. Yet, it is not my intention, within the compass of a review, to relate the author's opinion of Spanish character, Spanish history and Spanish literature in general. It must be sufficient to indicate the organization of the book. The first and the fifteenth chapters are devoted to an exposition of the character of Spanish history as a history of expectation and spiritual insecurity. Following a chapter about the Visigothic pre-history of authentic Spain, four chapters are filled with an account of

the Islamic tradition in Spanish life, the development of Spanish Christianity under the influence of Islam, and the evolving Christian-Islamic institutions, especially the military orders. Four further chapters outline the structure of the Spanish mind, as it manifests itself in the Castilian epic and in Spanish secular and religious literature from the tenth to the sixteenth century. Reference is made throughout the entire book to Jewish influences and authors, but two long chapters are given over exclusively to a thorough discussion of the position of the Jews in Spanish economy and society and of the role which they played in Spanish literature and thought.

To read attentively these two chapters, is an exciting experience for a Jewish reader because they demonstrate the inescapability of Jewish fate like no other chapter in history. In northern Europe during the middle ages, the Jews became depressed into a caste of usurers which meant, since usury was considered one of the deadly sins, that they were actually outcasts. Not so in Spain. To be sure, the Jews were moneylenders also in Spain, but this was not their exclusive function. Rather, they filled the entire social space of the middle classes. Immigrating into Castile and Aragon from the Islamic south, they introduced into Spain the learned and at the same time practical skills of medicine and pharmacology, astronomy and cartography, the manufacture of tools and scientific instruments, of jewelry, cloth, garments and leather goods. They excelled in the art of translation from Greek, Arabic and Hebraic documents, in comparative law, in public administration and government finance. They became indispensable to the knights and kings of Spain, who entrusted their health to Jewish doctors, their diplomatic representation to Jewish linguists, their finances to Jewish bankers and administrative agents. As a result, the Jews became indispensable in the great crusade against the Moors which filled the formative centuries of Spanish history. But, by the same token, their function, which carried them into positions of authority over Christians, was illegal from the point of view of the spiritual order of the middle ages and aroused the opposition of the church as well as the fierce jealousy of the lower classes. The tie between the crown and the Jews, which

could not be broken as long as the protracted and costly struggle against the Mohammedan invaders lasted, gave way as soon as the emergency ceased. The Jews of Spain were ground between the upper and the nether millstone of Spanish society.

Castro shows further that the Jews of Spain were so much a part of Spain that neither the pogroms of 1391 nor the expulsion of 1492 could eliminate them from the bloodstream of Spanish life. He believes that the conversos, or Christianized Jews, exacerbated the Spanish Inquisition. If kings and nobles could not restrain the fury of the mob, still less could they restrain the fury of the illustrious converts, some of them former rabbis, who sacrificed everything to the passion for preeminence and the seeming security of being established at the highest levels of society. It may be that Castro overdraws the picture somewhat at this point, but he does not overdo the intensity of anguished feeling with which the converts, whom he calls Hispano-Hebrews, interpreted Spain to themselves and to the world as a spiritual power, bent upon the eternal rather than the base temporal values while, at the same time, understandably enough, they yearned for peace on earth and good will among men.

Castro's book is a beautiful example of Jewish history writing from the point of view of the nations to whom Jews have made significant contributions. One would wish that other non-Jewish scholars were to devote themselves to the task with similar passion and insight.

WERNER J. CAHNMAN

The Bridge, A Yearbook of Judaeo-Christian Studies, edited by John M. Oesterreicher. Pantheon Books. 349 pp. \$3.95.

Father Oesterreicher, who so carefully edited this scholarly volume, is probably the best known Catholic priest of Jewish origin in this country. He was born in Austria. When Hitler occupied that country, he had to flee—partly because his baptism did not take away his Jewishness as far as the Nazis were concerned, partly because his Christian concern for the conversion of other Jews made him anathema to Hitler's followers.

In this volume—thought of as the first of a series of annuals—Father Oesterreicher has collected an impressive array of Catholic

studies on Jewish and Christian-Jewish problems. One may roughly divide these contributions into those dealing mainly with (1) the original separation of Christians from Jews; (2) the problems of contemporary Jewish-Christian relations; and (3) a number of articles that one must consider as simple exhortations for Jews to become Catholic.

Fortunately for the general reader, the first two categories predominate, making the book in general one of scholarship rather than mere propagation of the Catholic faith. But honesty demands that to the Jewish reader, negative aspects be mentioned as well. The article on Marc Chagall may be cited as an example here. The authors of this piece stipulate a Christian unconscious existing in Jews, and interpret the figures of Jesus in some of Chagall's paintings as a manifestation of this presumed unconscious Jewish urge to become Christian. There is nothing wrong with holding this view, but its presentation cannot be considered as scholarly when it is based on no more than an interpretation of art. This seems to me to be a perversion of artistic appreciation; and the fact that some crude practitioners of psychoanalysis—epigones rather than followers of Freud—have used similar methods in art criticism does not make things any better. Art exists on a totally different level from religious, sociological, or psychological theories; and any attempt to reduce a piece of art to a portrayal of a theoretical idea—whether this is undertaken by artist or critic—is something very much akin to sacrilege.

In the field of studies regarding the original separation of Christians from Jews, I thought the article by Father Richard Kugelman on "Hebrew, Israelite, Jew, in the New Testament" to be the most interesting. One of the problems Father Kugelman discusses is the rather different treatment of the word "Jew" in the Gospel of John when compared to the other gospels. John uses "Jew" as synonymous with "enemy Jesus," while the other gospel writers generally recognize Jesus and his early followers as part of the Jewish people. Father Kugelman's discussion of this point is interesting, but far less convincing than the historical explanation offered by James Parkes in his book "Judaism and Christianity."

Contemporary Jewish-Christian problems in the "Bridge" are very ably discussed by Father Oesterreicher himself in his authoritative Catholic interpretation of Simone Weil, by the late French Jesuit Father Pierre Charles in an article entitled "The Learned Elders of Zion," and by Father Edward H. Flannery's very interesting Catholic interpretation of the Finaly case. One misses among these studies any reference to Zionism; this surely should be of interest to the student of contemporary Christian-Jewish relations. Could it be, perhaps, that the Vatican's opposition to a Jewish Jerusalem has imposed an informal obligation of silence upon the authors?

A final word about the general frame of reference of all these studies. The Catholic view that ultimately the only right thing for Jews to do is to accept Jesus Christ as God is implicitly or explicitly put forward in every one of these contributions. But if Jews did this they would certainly cease being Jews in any recognizable form; and so it develops, it seems to me, that the "bridge" which the Church here builds for us is only intended as a temporary structure pending the annexation of our side to theirs.

Finally, the constant preoccupation with Catholic proselytizing and Catholic apologetics is a most serious obstacle to the free scholarly discussion of the very important problems dealt with in the volume. If the book nevertheless manages to retain a great deal of scholarly method and integrity, this must be regarded as a tribute to the extraordinary talents and imagination of its authors.

WERNER COHN

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Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve, by Dannie Abse. Criterion Books. 200 pp. \$3.00.

In recent years, there has appeared some sensitive fiction by Jews in various countries of the world in which they depict Jewish life in their homelands. Thus, we have recently had books on Jewish communal life in South Africa, Egypt, Ireland and Wales, while years ago, nearly all the fiction came from East European countries. These books vary in fictional value; most of them have special sociological and historic virtues, even when they are weak as fiction. All of them illuminate Jewish life in our times.

But Dannie Abse's lyric account of a young Jew's growing up in Wales is literature, whether you consider it fictional or sociological. It is told in the first person singular and begins with the events in the life of a ten-year-old Jewish lad at the time that the Spanish Civil War was influencing the political attitudes of most Europeans. The book ends at the outset of the Hitler era's aggression, when bombs commence to fall on London. In between, Abse interpolates a section on Grynspan, who assassinated the German, von Rath, and thus was the excuse for a pogrom against the Jews. He also injects a portrait of a Rabbi Aaronowich, who talks at length about the meaning of Judaism. The young hero learns, however, that the Rabbi's own son had married a Christian, leading to a personal tragedy in the boy's life.

Outside of these two longish asides, this novel is really a disconnected series of vignettes told by a poet remembering his own youth. Being a Jew, his Jewish relatives enter and leave the story, with a word or two about their faith and heritage. There are debates about religion between the narrator and his Christian friends, humorous and sometimes penetrating. Yet in the main, this volume attempts to capture a mood, to create an atmosphere, to stir the emotions of the reader who still cares about the problems of the adolescent.

Dannie Abse is better known as a poet, and there are lyric flashes throughout the story. The work contains beautiful passages about the synagogue, beautiful but moody and sad. Jewish life in Wales, the reader gathers, is tightly knit and the young Jews are as aware of their Judaism, as sensitive

to it, and as bothered by it, as Jews all over the world. Some of the Jews—including an uncle of the hero—thinks "S all right" to be a Jew, when he is asked. But there remains the feeling that to be a Jew places problems before the Jew.

As Dannie Abse writes from an internal point of view, there is little about the surface life of the Jewish community. What do the Jews in Wales do? One doesn't learn from this volume. What the reader does discover is that a Welsh Jew, like equally artistic Jews elsewhere, thinks and reflects on his Judaism and writes of it tenderly, passionately, fearfully and, at times, with real depth.

Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve is not a "popular" book. It is, however, a delicate memoir, written by a genuinely talented poet who is Jewish.

HAROLD U. RIBALOW

The Pauline View of Man, by W. David Stacey. St. Martin's Press. 253 pp. \$5.75.

How did St. Paul come by the meaning which he gave to such terms as "soul," "spirit," and "conscience"? How and to what extent was St. Paul influenced by Greek thought? This is the dual question which the author of this scholarly book set out to answer. In the course of his work Mr. Stacey found that the crux of his answer lay in Paul's conception of the nature of man, and so he concentrated his attention on this field, and in this book he examines every word which Paul used in relation to the various elements which constitute man.

The book is not one bit less interesting for being rather heavily academic in the traditional exegetical style. Having come to my attention because of my interest in tracing the origins of our contemporary beliefs concerning the nature of human nature, I was much interested in learning something of the sources of Paul's views on this subject. From this point of view the book may not be altogether satisfying, for it is little more than a historical linguistic analysis of Paul's logology, but it does again succeed in focusing attention upon Paul's contribution to the Western World's conception of human nature. That conception has been profoundly influential and terribly damaging

in its effects. But that is distinctly not the burden of Mr. Stacey's book. The questions the author sets out to answer he answers in his own dry manner quite satisfactorily. The student who studies this book will find it a rewarding experience. Mr. Stacey's principal conclusion is that the encounter on the road to Damascus was by far the most important influence in determining Paul's view of human nature. Not Judaism, not the Greek mysteries, but Christ himself was the chief determiner of Paul's view of the nature of man. Nevertheless the Jewish and Greek influences are there, and these the author is meticulous in pointing out.

A book on the Pauline view of man yet remains to be written; when that book is being written the present volume will be found helpful, but anyone who wants to know what Paul's view of man was had better go to Paul himself.

ASHLEY MONTAGU

Gestapo, Instrument of Tyranny, by Edward Crankshaw. London, Putnam. 275 pp. 21 Shillings.

No name in modern history was more terrifying or more hated than that of the Nazi secret police—the Gestapo. It was a perfect symbol of the diabolical spirit of Nazism. The Gestapo was founded by Goering in 1933, but developed and perfected by Himmler, who took it over in the following year, and brought in the evil genius of Heydrich to assist him. It soon became the select of the select in a land of tyranny. The Gestapo was placed above the law by a statute of the State of Prussia promulgated in February, 1936, and subsequently extended to the rest of Germany. Law courts were forbidden to examine the verdicts of the Gestapo, or to interfere with its activities. This was hardly necessary, for the cowed and creeping judges knew what was expected of them, and what was not.

The special prerogative of the Gestapo was to take people into "protective custody," i.e., send them to the concentration camps—when it had the patience to spare them for the journey. But even hell must have its degrees, if we are to judge from the variety of concentration camps. Some murdered their victims with torture; others pretended that the victims were in a transit camp. The

Gestapo discouraged these luxuries, for its business was unadorned murder, and it was in a desperate hurry.

The fundamental irrationality of Nazism was its faith in violence. Nazi leaders, and with them a large part of the German people, believed that they could solve their problems by killing a sufficient number of people. The Gestapo was the general staff of the campaign of mass extermination. It requisitioned trains from the army, which were needed to transport men and material to the fighting fronts, to take the victims to concentration camps. It frustrated those who wanted to use the captured populations for war production. Corpses were more important to Gestapo than slave laborers.

Even the sickest minds cannot avoid some glimpse of reality. In 1943, when the war was not going so well, Himmler regretted that millions of prisoners had been killed, and were gone beyond recall, who could have been put to work to save the Reich from collapsing in ten years instead of the thousand to which it was dedicated. But he set the proper tone for his loyal S.S. men and Gestapo lieutenants. "Whether nations live in prosperity or starve to death interests me only in so far as we need them as slaves for our culture," said Himmler. "Whether ten thousand Russian females fall down from exhaustion when digging an anti-tank ditch interests me only in so far as the anti-tank ditch is finished." This callousness towards other human beings was true of many Germans, whether Nazi or otherwise. Mr. Crankshaw remarks that "in no country has murder and outrage been carried so far as in Nazi Germany, and in no other country have so many individuals from all classes of society been actively involved in murder and outrage." Individual kindness to the victims was almost wholly absent. The roots of this behavior must lie deep in the German character.

Life, however, triumphed over death. The Gestapo went on killing its innocent and defenseless victims until the last moment, for it did not want to leave any living witnesses of its brutality. But neither the Slavs nor the Jews were exterminated, much to the astonishment of Hitler in his moments of death. The German people themselves were nursed back to prosperity by their enemies.

Mr. Crankshaw has done a useful service by putting facts about the Gestapo, the S.S., and their leaders within the covers of a short and readable book.

SURINDAR SURI

Henry George, by Charles Albro Barker. Oxford University Press. 696 pp. \$9.50.

In terms of his aim to present a historical biography of Henry George, one of America's most influential social thinkers, Barker succeeds admirably. The first half of his work traces, with scrupulous care, the regional origin of George's ideas in California, where as journalist, editor, and adherent of the Democratic party he worked out the fundamental liberal ideas to which he remained faithful throughout his career: public ownership of utilities, free trade, the elimination of discriminatory taxes, and the abolition of privately owned land.

The second half of the work concerns itself with George's life after the publication of his most influential book, *Progress and Poverty*. Barker, in great detail, reports the reviews, favorable and unfavorable, of this classic, the storm of controversy it created both in America and the British Isles, and its increasing popularity, which made George a famous international figure. The author also shows that the principles of the early George in California motivated the thinker's later actions in such practical matters as British land reform, the struggle against the Roman Catholic Church in New York politics, the policy of free trade in the Democratic party, and the single-tax movement.

Barker's book, in addition to being a historical biography, conveys a clear picture of George's moral character. His comprehensive, tenacious grasp of the complex, shifting political issues of his time was the starting point of his economic doctrine. That is, he earned his fundamental abstractions through years of reflection on Californian politics instead of borrowing them from the classic English thinkers on economics. (He came to grips with some of their ideas for the first time while writing *Progress and Poverty*.) His attempt to base economic theories on Christian ethics endowed him with a Messianic fervor that found release in a great and

impressive variety of activities both private and public. His followers—Thomas Shearman, Tom Loftin Johnson, and Leo Tolstoy—for the most part grasped this complexity only partially. Combining passion and a vigorous mind, he made successful lecture tours of the United States, the British Isles, and Australia and left an unforgettable impression on the young George Bernard Shaw.

The author has carefully delineated these aspects of George's moral strength, and in doing so he leaves the reader wondering whether the originator of the single tax had any weaknesses. George failed to weld together a political party that could appeal to a large segment of the American people, nor did he ever become a social thinker of the first rank. And one wonders if the sick old man displayed good judgment when he decided to undertake an arduous campaign to win the mayoralty of New York. His death, which probably resulted from the rigors of the campaign, made him at the time a martyr for his cause, but in retrospect this last battle appears futile and unnecessary. But this is a minor objection. Barker's excellent book will amply reward the reader who wishes to gain insight into the many facets of this interesting thinker and man of action.

SANFORD SCHWARTZ

... What constitutes an American? Not color, nor race, nor religion. Not the pedigree of his family nor the place of his birth. Not the coincidence of his citizenship. Not his social status nor his bank account. Not his trade nor his profession. An American is one who loves justice and believes in the dignity of man. An American is one who will fight for his freedom and that of his neighbor. An American is one who will sacrifice property, ease and security in order that he and his children may retain the rights of free men. An American is one in whose heart is engraved the immortal second sentence of the Declaration of Independence. ...

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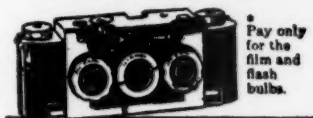
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